

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON!

"Turn again, Whittington! Turn again,  
Whittington! !

*Flos Mercatorum*, thy ship hath come  
home!

Trailing from her cross-trees the crim-  
son of the sunrise,  
Dragging all the glory of the sunset  
thro' the foam.

Turn again, Whittington!

Turn again, Whittington,

Lord Mayor of London!

Turn again, Whittington! When thy  
hope was darkest,  
Far beyond the sky-line a ship sailed  
for thee;  
*Flos Mercatorum*, O, when thy faith  
was blindest,  
Even then thy sails were set beyond  
the Ocean-sea."

So he heard and heeded us, and turned  
again to London,  
Stick and bundle on his back, he  
turned to *Red Rose Lane*,  
Hardly hearing as he went the chatter  
of the prentices,—  
*What d'ye lack, and what d'ye lack, and  
what d'ye lack again?*

Back into the scullery, before the cook  
had missed him,  
Early in the morning his labors he be-  
gan:  
Once again to clean the shoes and  
clatter with the water-pail,  
Once again to scrub the jack and scour  
the dripping-pan.

All the bells of London were pealing as  
he labored;  
Wildly beat his heart, and his blood  
began to race;  
Then—there came a light step and,  
suddenly, beside him  
Stood his lady Alice, with a light upon  
her face.

"Quick," she said, "O quick," she said,  
"they want you, Richard Whitting-  
ton!"

"Quick" she said; and, while she  
spoke, her lighted eyes betrayed  
All that she had hidden long, and all  
she still would hide from him.

So—he turned and followed her, his  
green-gowned maid.

*Alfred Noyes.*

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## DREAMS OF THE SEA.

I know not why I yearn for thee again,  
To sail once more upon thy fickle flood;  
I'll hear thy waves wash under my  
death-bed,

Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood.

Yet I have seen thee lash the vessel's  
sides

In fury, with thy many tailed whip;  
And I have seen thee, too, like Galilee.  
When Jesus walked in peace to Si-  
mon's ship.

And I have seen thy gentle breeze as  
soft

As summer's, when it makes the corn-  
fields run;

And I have seen thy rude and gusty  
gale

Make ships show half their bellies to  
the sun.

Thou knowest the way to tame the  
wildest life.

Thou knowest the way to bend the  
great and proud:

I think of that Armada whose puffed  
sails,

Greedy and large, came swallowing  
every cloud.

But I have seen the sea-boy, young  
and drowned,

Lying on shore and, by thy cruel hand,  
A seaweed beard was on his tender  
chin,

His heaven-blue eyes were filled with  
common sand.

And yet, for all, I yearn for thee again,  
To sail once more upon thy fickle  
flood:

I'll hear thy waves wash under my  
death-bed,

Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood.

*William H. Davies.*

*The Nation.*

## THE TRIPLE ENTENTE AND THE PRESENT CRISIS.

The precarious settlement of the seven years' Moroccan quarrel between France and Germany has been a humiliation for the latter Power, and not merely because she has failed to secure a naval basis on the Atlantic coast of Morocco and a free hand to delve in the mineral riches of that region. The episode has, above all, revealed to the world Germany's inability to sunder England, France and Russia, and also the unstable equilibrium of her own financial and economic resources. The present lame solution of the Moroccan difficulty has provisionally settled only one of the differences between France and Germany. The Great Misunderstanding is more acute than ever. The German people at last clearly perceive the inconvenient consequences of the ill-advised foreign policy of their rulers: a resuscitated France, throbbing with optimism and patriotism; a British Empire, which—after a period in which the Colonies seemed to be breaking away from England. like so much Imperial star-dust bent on parabolic careers of their own—is now reforming, in centripetal spiral movements, under the astonished eyes of the world; an Entente Cordiale between the new British Imperial System and the Dual Alliance; a Dual Alliance between France and Russia, closer knit than ever by definite engagements that are bound to upset the whole balance of power in the Baltic, the North Sea, and eventually in the Mediterranean; and a Far East, which, owing to the Russo-Japanese precautions for the monopoly of vast tracts of China, is becoming more rapidly closed to German political expansion than ever Africa was closed

\*These pages are a portion of the last chapter of a book shortly to be published by Constable under the title, "The World Crisis."

to such expansion by the short-sightedness of Bismarck.

These events and tendencies—of which the list might have been much enlarged—are the evident logical consequence of Germany's anti-British foreign policy during the last seven years, and some are the direct result of the latest of her blunders, the despatch of the *Panther* to Agadir.

It was inconceivable that she should not have learned the lesson temporarily; yet the German Emperor, sceptical as to the perspicacity of his people, recently reminded them that pan-Germanism is not a panacea for the revival of German prestige. The confession was a courageous act of political wisdom. But calculated, as it would have seemed, to point the full moral of a sequence of German blunders, William II evidently regarded it as utterly inadequate. Early in July, a few days only after the Russian Duma had voted grants for the construction of four "Dreadnoughts" of 30,000 tons, four ironclad cruisers, eighteen torpedo-boats, and twelve submarines, as "the necessary guarantee of the national dignity and security" (words of Mr. Kokovtsov, June 19) which had been endangered at Tsushima, the German Emperor met the Tsar at Port-Baltic, and when the two Sovereigns parted the following authorized statement was given out:

The political conversations, which extended to all questions of the day, strengthened on both sides the conviction that it still remains of the highest importance for the interests of the two neighbor Empires and of the general peace to maintain the mutual contact, based upon reciprocal confidence. There could be no question either of new agreements, because there was no particular occasion for them, or of producing alterations of any kind in the

grouping of the European Powers, the value of which for the maintenance of equilibrium and of peace has already been proved.

Nicholas II thus became answerable before the world for the sincerity of William II's pacific intentions, but for this service he demanded a compensation. He forced William II to declare to the world, and to his own people, that the policy of the Triple Entente, which Germany had untiringly attacked, was a policy that had restored the balance of power in Europe and that made for peace. Germany's attitude at Port-Baltic was either the *mea culpa* of a prodigiously disinterested European patriotism or an ingenious device for gaining time, in order to begin again, at a more favorable moment, the old German policy of intimidation. In either case it was the direct result of forces actively at work during the previous years, of which Agadir may be taken as the supreme symbol. Port-Baltic was the reverse of the medal of Agadir. Germany's decision to be prudent, or, at all events, to play a mystifying prudent game and to adopt a franker idiom—to speak English and French instead of German<sup>1</sup>—had been foreshadowed by the despatch to London of one of her ablest statesmen, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. The business methods of that distinguished negotiator had immensely advanced his country's interests at Constantinople.

<sup>1</sup> "Odo gave some curious details of the interview between Bismarck and Thiers. The eventful one which terminated in the signature of the treaty lasted nearly eight hours. The old Frenchman's volubility began to wear the Chancellor's patience, and, after many hours, he said: 'You talk a language I cannot follow, and reply to, as you do. I will answer you in my own'—well knowing that Thiers did not understand German. Thereupon ensued a Babylonian of jabber, Bismarck using very strong language in his vernacular, which, in reply to Thiers' frantic inquiries: 'Qu'est ce qu'il dit?' was not translated literally by the bystanders."—Anecdote from the private and unpublished papers of Hamilton Aide, in the possession of the author: "Notes of Evenings at Lady W. Russell's. Sunday April 18, 1871."

The issue of the Franco-German colloquy of 1911, and the events which Agadir precipitated in Europe, appreciably limited the potential range of his activity. What took place in Europe during 1912, and notably the declarations of his intelligent master at Hamburg and Port-Baltic, rendered the rôle of this German ambassador in London one which was bound to be rather that of a consular than of a diplomatic agent. While he was biding his time and laying his plans, Baron Marschall suddenly died (September 24, 1912). Less than a month later, simultaneously with the conclusion of peace between Turkey and Italy, and with the outbreak of war between Turkey and the Balkan States, Prince Charles Max Lichnowsky was appointed his successor. In the *Deutsche Revue*, three months before, when the Balkan Day of Judgment still seemed remote, Prince Lichnowsky had frankly declared his conviction that "no diplomatic artifice could possibly destroy the friendship between France and England." He added: "We Germans must accept the new conditions of existence created in Europe by the alliances and ententes, alliances and ententes in which we have not participated, and which have constantly been formed, if not against us, at all events independently of us." The confession of Port-Baltic would seem to have been the echo of the prudent and reasonable declarations of the future German Ambassador in London. But, in spite of these declarations—and even if the war in the Balkans had not exposed the stability of the Triple Entente to grave and unexpected risks—the members of that group should keep well in mind that the anomalous and unstable character of the German Imperial Constitution—the particularism of the States composing an Empire provisionally welded into a kind of puzzle-nation solely by economic inter-



est and by the ingenious creation of a *Reichsland* regarded as a sort of national Pan-German park—constitute a danger for Europe and for peace. A Confederation like the German Empire can hold together only as long as it is in the interest of the majority of its members to co-operate harmoniously. When such co-operation ceases to "pay" economically, or is not needed in order to repulse foreign aggression, dissolution inevitably sets in. It follows that a prolonged economic crisis or a lasting condition of European peace would tend to disintegrate the German Empire; whereas steady economic well-being and a chronic state of military panic belong to the class of causes that favor the maintenance of German unity and the development of a German national spirit. Thus Imperial Germany longs with the same passion for both peace and war. In the case of such a Power a consistent foreign policy is impossible. The tactics of its rulers, responsible for the defence of the essential Imperial interests that the Bismarckian policy bequeathed to them, are bound to gyrate between patient, methodical, and apparently peaceful activity and hysterical and brutal intimidation and bluff; and both attitudes are, from the German point of view, equally advisable and equally sincere. The corresponding attitude incumbent on Germany's neighbors is evident. When Germany is calm they should prepare for war; when Germany blusters they should be calm. They should neither be the dupe of her friendly overtures nor the panic-struck victim of her facile bluff. And if ever the time comes when she oversteps the mark, her own Teutonic mark or any other; if ever the necessity of preserving German national unity suggests to her princes the wisdom of preaching to the German people a new crusade for the salvation of the German soul, the French and the English

need only heed the words of the *Damoysel de la Mer* in *Amadis de Gaule*. "S'ils voyent seulement vos visages assurez, je suis sur qu'ils ne les pourront souffrir: *donnons dedans: car Dieu nous ayde.*"

The utility of the present grouping of the Powers is now generally acknowledged. No fears engendered by the Balkan Scare should obliterate from the consciousness of the Powers of the Triple Entente the knowledge, so laboriously acquired, of the real conditions of international peace. Germany remains Germany in spite of the Balkan League. The fact of war in the Balkans makes it all the more necessary for the Powers of the Triple Entente to entrench themselves in their positions and to prepare for contingencies. Moreover, in anticipation of a probable European Conference, to be convened at the close of the war in the Balkans, for vamping up the worn-out clauses of the Treaty of Berlin, Germany is reviving its old policy of blandishment of France. An inspired German press is defending the thesis that in the Balkan Crisis the position of France and Germany is almost identical. The suggestion is that, since both desire European peace, they enjoy the singular privilege of being able to co-operate for maintaining it. But such co-operation implies another experiment in *rapprochement* of the kind which proved so disastrous in 1909 and ended at Agadir.

Henceforth partners to the Triple Entente must work together throughout the world, and not merely at this or that danger-spot, such as the North Sea, the Mediterranean, or the Caribbean. Common action, however, is impossible if the three Powers are distracted by their several domestic problems. A necessary preliminary of effective common action on the part of the pacific Triple Entente is that its members shall severally put their

houses in order. When they shall have completed that urgent task, and when, furthermore, they shall have secured all the necessary subterranean—or other!—channels of communication between each other's domains, then, but only then, will they have the leisure to work out a common and elastic line of action, embracing all possible contingencies and aiming at and assuring the maintenance of peace in the world. Then, but only then, moreover, can they begin to do business (negotiations, *negotium*), collectively or individually, with Germany.

It remains to survey the wide sphere of the common action of the Powers of the Triple Entente in the various seas and regions where their fleets are to fraternize.

The Northern question may be dismissed with a brief allusion. Of the active discussion relative to the foreign policy of the Scandinavian States that has been going on in the three Northern countries ever since the separation of Norway and Sweden in 1905, only rare rumors reach the ears of Londoners and Parisians. But what is known shows that the policy of neutrality, strict and unalloyed neutrality, developed in the more recent speeches of both the Danish and the Swedish Foreign Ministers, is one warranting the belief that the pact—signed by Germany, France, Great Britain, Russia, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden in 1908—for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the countries around the North Sea and the Baltic is perhaps more likely to be respected than any other international declaration or treaty now under the sceptical scrutiny of the Powers. The exchange of views in August and September 1912, between the Foreign Ministers of the Powers of the Triple Entente in St. Petersburg, London and Paris, and the visits of Russian and British vessels to Scandinavian ports in September, have con-

solidated the pact of 1898. The hardy voyages of the German "Zeppelins" above the North Sea merely serve to remind the Dutch, the Scandinavians, the English, and the French that in an alert Triple Entente lies the one hope of peaceful existence in the waters bathing the sides of the triangle marked by Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Christiania. The more immediate scenes of the action of the Triple Alliance are mainly in other waters and in other countries. They may be classed under the general heads of the Mediterranean, the Far East, and the American Mediterranean, the Carib bean Sea. The present article must deal solely with the Mediterranean and the Far East.

In the Mediterranean and on its shores the policies of England and of France are for the first time in history all but identical. The lapsing of the Triple Alliance is, happily, to synchronize with the settlement of the Macedonian question, and it is in the interest of the peace of the world that that alliance be renewed. Its renewal need not necessarily imperil in any wise the naval position of the partners of the Entente Cordiale in the Mediterranean; it may, on the contrary, be made the occasion of fresh arrangements—including not merely the opening of the Dardanelles to the Russian Black Sea Fleet—which will render more stable than ever the balance of power in the Middle Sea. Italy, which has secured Tripoli through the collusion of England and France and to the regret, no doubt, of Austria, as well as to the certain embarrassment of Germany,<sup>2</sup> seems to be aware that by remaining in the Triple Alliance she can not only best harmonize her own an-

<sup>2</sup>In the late summer of 1911, it was well known in Constantinople that if Italy did not go immediately to Tripoli, she would be forestalled by Germany, seeking, in the concession of a North African coaling-station, a Mediterranean compensation for the loss of the Atlantic port of Agadir.

tagonistic ends, but also preserve the balance of power in the Mediterranean and establish peace in Europe. Unlike the Triple Entente, which is a pact between Powers united by a common interest and by a genuine reciprocal regard, the Triple Alliance is an arrangement, a self-denying ordinance, between three mortal enemies who have decided to grip each other as tightly as they can lest if any one of them be given elbow-room he should fly at the others' throats. Pending the advent of what M. Victor Berard has called the "Balkan last day of judgment"—for, in spite of the war, the dread day has not yet arrived—Bulgaria and Servia, and Bulgaria and Greece, have already taken their precautions; while at Sinaia Count and Countess Berchtold and King Charles and Queen Elizabeth drink one another's health in honor of the secret consolidation of the pact between the Emperor Francis Joseph and the hero of Plevna for the maintenance of a Balkanic *status quo*, whatever the issue of the war between Turkey and the Balkan League. These precautions are only demonstrations on a smaller scale of the same artful jiu-jitsu diplomacy of which the secondary Powers had an excellent model in the Triple Alliance. Count Aehrenthal revealed to the world what Austria-Hungary thinks of Germany, and the retirement of the germanophile Archduke Eugène from the commandment of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg in favor of Baron von Horvath, former head of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, shows how Austria-Hungary feels about Italy. The Tyrol, in spite of the Triple Alliance, has become an arsenal of the national defence, a fortified camp dominating Italy. The latest Italian enterprise, the Tripolitan Expedition, has produced, among its most certain consequences, an aggravation of the Austro-Italian tension concerning the ulti-

mate destination of the Albanian port of Valona, the hinterland of which is slowly being won over to Austrian sympathies by the steady propaganda of Franciscan monks taking their orders from the Ball-Platz. In 1904 Signor Tittoni, Italian Foreign Minister, declared in the Chamber that Albania was not in itself of much importance, but that its shores and ports would ensure to their possessors "the uncontested military and naval supremacy of the Adriatic." It is this statesman, now Italian ambassador in Paris, who has been notoriously the most assiduous companion of that Russian ambassador, M. Isvolski, whose dreams of offering an open Dardanelles to his Sovereign were wrecked by the premature action of the members of the Triple Alliance in tearing up the Treaty of Berlin before Russia was ready. When the Tsar and Victor Emmanuel met at Racconigi, accompanied by their Ministers, the Sovereigns laid the foundations of an entente cordiale the principle of which was their common hostility to the realization of German and Austro-Hungarian interests in the Balkans. Italy has ceased to be the Cinderella of the Triple Alliance. Of the three members of that Alliance it is Germany, after all, that has reaped the least benefit from the pact during the last ten years. William II has done his best to keep his two partners in the humiliating posture of a "brilliant second" and a Sancho Panza third. But Count Aehrenthal's initiative in taking Bosnia-Herzegovina was followed by that of Signor Giolitti in seizing Tripoli—and the Teuton leading-strings were snapped. The consequences of the Tripolitan expedition on the irridentist spirit were immediate. Europe too readily forgets that it is not France alone which has an Alsace-Lorraine problem to solve. When, on November 12, 1911, the Italian jour-

nalists at Tripoli offered a banquet to the correspondent of the *Temps*, M. Jean Carrère, the entire company greeted the intervention of Signor Scipio Sighele, one of the Nationalist leaders, with the cry: *Vivent Trente et Trieste!* Italy has not yet achieved her ideal unity, and the "long hopes and the vast thoughts" which she has stifled for so many years are once again becoming articulate, now that her enthusiasm has been re-kindled by the Roman prowess of her troops in the antique Libya. The nationalist spirit which has of late inflamed Italy is no new thing; it is only the resurgence of an old passion. In May 1891, one of the most eminent political economists in Italy remarked.<sup>a</sup>

The idea that Italy supported Signor Crispi entirely against her will still prevails abroad, and it is entirely erroneous. The truth is Signor Crispi personified, in a perhaps exaggerated form, the megalomaniac propensities of the majority of the governmental classes. He fell not because the country had had too much of his "grand policy," but solely because he had hurt certain local interests . . . and the same megalomania persists to-day, and his successor will have to heed these tendencies if he wishes to continue in office.

This was in 1891. In 1912, since the bombardment of Tripoli and the occupation of the *Ægean*, the Nationalist movement, born in Florence, has been justified by its works; irridentism has taken on a fresh vigor, it is fired by a new hope. But while the Turco-Italian War did not make for the peace of Europe, it made even less for the stability of the Triple Alliance. These considerations suggest once more how immensely it is in the interest of the peace of the world that that pact be renewed—above all, as the fatal day approaches when the Emperor Francis

Joseph is to hand over the great composite world of Austria-Hungary to Heaven alone knows what destinies.<sup>a</sup> French foreign policy was never more intelligent than when it resisted the irate suggestion of British radicalism, as well as of British loyalty, after the seizure of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and refused to quarrel with Austria, or even

<sup>a</sup>Notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, it seems probable that while the Emperor-King lives, Austria-Hungary will do its best to keep the peace. What is known as the "Berchtold Proposition" was an ambiguous appeal made to Europe in August 1912 (by the Power that in 1908 took from Turkey Bosnia-Herzegovina) to assist the Ottoman Government in applying a policy of progressive decentralization in favor of the Macedonian nationalities, and to urge upon the Balkan States a peace policy. This proposal, made while the French Prime Minister, M. Poincaré, was in Russia conferring with the Tsar's Government, aroused suspicion in Europe. It was generally regarded as an attempt to steal a march on Russia and to checkmate the policy of the Triple Entente. Yet the good faith of the Austro-Hungarian Government would seem to have been demonstrated by the subsequent course of events. Count Berchtold's initiative was certainly the efficient, it was not necessarily the final, cause of the Balkan Crusade. The Balkan States, crushed between the Young Turks and Austria-Hungary, fearing both the growth of Ottoman Imperialism and the descent of Austria to Salonica, had achieved their miraculous union under the hegemony of the Bulgarian Tsar. Meanwhile the prolongation of the Turco-Italian War aroused their dormant ambition. The Ball Platz is nearer Belgrade than are the Quai d'Orsay or Downing Street, or even St. Petersburg. Austria-Hungary is more concerned for the maintenance of peace in the Balkans than France, England, or even Russia; and Count Berchtold was no doubt better informed than the Foreign Ministers of the other Powers as to the danger of immediate war. He formulated his famous proposal calculated to forestall and avert just such irreparable action on the part of the Balkan League as took place two months later when the four Balkan States declared war. At the same time he went to Sinaia to induce Roumania to refrain from war in case his efforts to mobilize Europe at the eleventh hour in favour of peace should prove unavailing. When Count Berchtold's fears were finally realized and war broke out, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of War took the natural precautions: he asked for supplementary grants amounting to 250,000,000 crowns. To conclude, as certain Hungarian and French journalists (see article by M. Jacques Bardoux in the *Opinion*, October 19, 1912) have concluded, that "the Ball Platz must have worked to precipitate the Balkan war" is a gratuitous interpretation.

<sup>a</sup>Letter to the author by Signor Vilfredo Pareto.

with Germany, because the Triple Alliance declined to accept the project of a Conference to sanction the destruction of the Treaty of Berlin. The Triple Entente has need of the Triple Alliance; it needs the Alliance in order to simplify its own problems. As long as the Alliance holds together, so long are the prospects of peace between the great Powers of Central Europe approximately certain. And the existence of the Triple Alliance is no obstacle to the friendly ententes between two of its members and this or that member of the rival group.

In Mediterranean waters, again, the interests of France and England (even—with certain reservations—of Russia) are identical. Their common aim is maintenance of an open sea: the one for the security of her Carthaginian naval base at Bizerta, and because of the need of an unencumbered highway for the transport of her army corps or even of her black troops in case of a European war; the other because the Mediterranean, which is one of the great central portions of the maritime world, is also the highroad of the chief purveyors of England's food-supplies. The military correspondent of the *Times* has put a part of the case very neatly:

It is not in our interest that the trade of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles should suffer considerable interruption. It is not in our interest, nor in that of Russia, Roumania, or Turkey that the islands of the Ægean, which have good harbors, and which can enable ships based upon them to control the trade issuing from the Dardanelles, should rest in the hands of a strong and unfriendly naval Power. Our interests and those of Russia in particular are identical in this respect, and if hereafter the Black Sea fleet of Russia were to be permitted by international agreement to steam into the Mediterranean, we should probably nowadays make no opposition.

In a word, the situations that have already arisen, that are arising, or that are bound to arise in consequence of the Turco-Italian War, form an interesting illustration of the general drift of the time, the present phenomenon of nationalistic concentration in resistance to the disintegrating action of cosmopolitan economic forces; while, viewed in the light of politics and diplomacy, the situations illustrate the fact that the present grouping of the Powers, in the interests of world peace and equilibrium, is rational, and that it is likely, for yet a considerable period, to remain what it is to-day. At all events, it is clear, since that is the immediate question in hand, that the members of the Triple Entente must hold together in the Mediterranean. The opening of the Straits need not, and will not, be regarded as a matter that in any way concerns the principle of the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But it is impossible to treat it merely as a question of political economy, a problem with which national honor and national prestige have nothing to do, an operation that can be accomplished solely by international finance and by commercial treaty. If it could be thus isolated, the Time-Spirit would never have solved a historic problem more neatly nor offered an object-lesson more characteristic of the time. But it cannot be thus isolated. It has to be considered in connection with the whole question of the balance of power in the Mediterranean, a question that includes such surprises as a possible apparition of Austria at Salonica and such immediate realities as the French protection of all the Eastern Christians.\* Italy's cravings for possession

\* In 1905, after M. Loubet's visit to Rome, when the relations between France and the Vatican were particularly strained, the Combes Ministry heedlessly displayed its friendship for Italy by granting the Italian religious orders in the East the privilege of renouncing French protection for that



of Rhodes, if satisfied by the Powers, in consequence of a European Conference, would imply compensations to those Powers commensurate with the importance of the concession.\* Rhodes commands the route of the Dardanelles, Asia Minor, and the Suez Canal. It counterbalances Cyprus and menaces Malta and Bizerta. Even the presence of the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean could not suffice, in itself, to compensate the Triple Entente for the sudden shock given to the present relations of the fleets of the Entente Cordiale by the establishment of the House of Savoy in the citadel where the Knights of St. John repulsed the troops of Mahomet II. The settlement of the questions suddenly forced upon the attention of the members of the Triple Entente by the turn taken by the Turco-Italian War and by the attitude of the Balkan League will be the supreme test of the solidity of that pact and of the intelligence of French, British, and Russian statesmen. If they were not already becoming aware

of Italy. From 1905 to 1911 thirty-three Italian monastic establishments in the East substituted the Italian for the French flag. When the Turco-Italian War broke out and the Italians were expelled from Turkey, the Italian monks who had remained under French protection, as well as other Italian monks who had accepted the protection of Italy, appealed for protection to the French consuls. Now that the war is over the Italians are wondering whether France will try to keep under her protection the Italian monks who during the war rushed to the shelter of the tricolour. The Vatican still remains anti-French and pro-Italian. But French patriotism is no longer what it was in the days of M. Combes. M. Poincaré is as well aware as was Gambetta that anti-clericalism ought not to figure on the list of French exports.

\*In the Preliminaries of Peace signed between Turkey and Italy at Ouchy (Oct. 16, 1912), Italy agreed to restore to Turkey the Aegean Islands already occupied by her. But for the realization of her promise she imposed certain conditions which will necessitate the maintenance of her garrisons in the Aegean not only during the war between Turkey and the Balkan League, but until the Powers take in hand—either by a Conference or by war—the whole question of the revision of the Treaty of Berlin.

of that fact, France and England would not have sent their armed cruisers to the waters of Samos. This double demonstration was a timely warning to whom it might concern that the Triple Entente is beginning to evolve a common action and a rational policy.

Meanwhile, the three Powers must act together in the Middle East and in the Far East. This is the second theatre of the concerted activity of the Triple Entente. Three special arrangements already fix the conditions in which that Entente is to work out its programme in that vast region. There is the Anglo-Russian Entente, there is the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and there is the latest Russo-Japanese Agreement. These three pacts were formed, have been occasionally modified, and will continue to be respected, with the object of maintaining peace in Persia, China, and Far Eastern waters. Eight years after the battles of Manchuria, Russia and Japan, with a practical sense that should make a Bismarck turn in his grave, have come to terms for the common economic domination of China, and it is within England's power to share this hegemony and eventually convert it into political predominance. France, the ally of Russia, and England, the ally of Japan, have their parts cut out for them: it is nothing less than vigilantly to prevent the Russo-Japanese understanding from becoming an instrument for the destruction of China. Russia and Japan, it will be remembered, celebrated the fourth of July, (American Independence Day) 1910, by declaring that if the Manchurian *status quo* were menaced, "they would come to terms as to the measures they might deem necessary to take for the maintenance of the *status quo*." This was an apt and timely retort to the sensational and ill-advised proposals of Mr. Taft's Government for the inter-

nationalizing of the Manchurian railways. It was an amusing instance of Monroism in Asiatic waters. Since then the sphere of Chinese territory over which the Russians and the Japanese have publicly extended their prohibitive sway has been made to include Mongolia, and the two Powers are already prospecting these new spheres for the construction of railways. England, who helped Japan to secure her foothold in Corea, cannot be surprised at what has happened, and the United States has even less cause to wonder, even though Russo-Japanese co-operation in Asia probably implies the shattering of the Germano-American principle of the "open door." Great Britain, in revising, in July 1911, her treaty of Alliance with Japan, took the first step towards the realization of what should be her chief aim, the fusing of the British Empire; but, in so doing, she virtually left Japan in the lurch. To please the President of the United States, to appease the Prime Ministers of the Dominions and to avoid entanglements in connection with the opening of the Panama Canal, she insisted on emasculating her agreement with Japan, and left her old ally to shift for herself in her home waters.<sup>5</sup> Happily, the Russo-

<sup>5</sup> Yet both the Treaty of Portsmouth (September 5, 1905) and the second and third Anglo-Japanese Treaties of Alliance (August 12, 1905, and July 13, 1911) admitted the principle of the Open Door in Manchuria. Clause 4 of the Russo-Japanese Treaty agreed "not to oppose the general measures common to all the Powers which China might take for the development of the trade and industry of Manchuria," and the Anglo-Japanese treaties, going further, stated it to be the object of those agreements "to preserve the common interests of all Powers in China by ensuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire, and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China." It is in consequence of the action of just such protestations as these in favor of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, that Turkey has been crumbling and will continue to crumble.

<sup>6</sup> That was the upshot—on paper!—and probably the intention, of the revised treaty of July 13, 1911. England accepted the clause obliging both

Japanese War was concluded without leaving behind it an Asiatic Alsace-Lorraine. One Treaty of Frankfurt is enough for one century. The former enemies rushed into each other's arms. The consequence is simple but prodigious. The bugaboo of the Yellow Peril will be definitely laid by Russo-Japanese co-operation. No result could be either more desirable or more logical; none could be more convenient for Great Britain and for France, nor, it should be added, for the United States, whose attention for some time to come must be steadily concentrated north and south of Colon and Panama. The apprehensions of the Powers, lest with the "break-up" of China the whole race should be submerged by a muddy and mounting tide

Powers to come to each other's rescue should they be the object of an unprovoked attack, but it inserted in the new treaty a fresh clause providing that if "either Contracting Party concluded a treaty of general arbitration with a third Power, nothing in the Agreement should entail upon such Contracting Party an obligation to go to war with the Power with whom such treaty of arbitration was in force." This fresh clause was a concession to Canada, Australia, and the United States. But it is one of the ironies of history that the Taft project of unrestricted arbitration, signed by England and the United States, was not ratified by the American Senate. England, like the dog in the fable, sacrificed the bone for the shadow; and the result was that Japan, herself on the point of being left in the lurch, turned towards Russia for moral and material support against the Powers aiming at the hegemony of the Pacific. By the failure of the Arbitration scheme, moreover, England slipped, as it were, between two stools. She lost Japanese good-will, and she did not obtain that of the United States. England is now, in spite of the revision of the Japanese treaty, exactly where she was before its revision, as regards her obligations towards Japan in case of war. In a word, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, by their violent hostility to Mr. Taft's Arbitration Treaty, knocked the bottom out of the British plan to render a friendly service to the United States, while satisfying the insistent claims of the Dominions. As things are now, therefore, England would have to defend Japan by arms if Japan were attacked, say, by the United States. The predicament of the Dominions would then be a peculiar one. Happily, the new Japanese arrangements with Russia are likely to render less probable an eventual shock between Japan and the United States in the Pacific.

of yellow men, are being conjured away. China is not breaking up; China is being organized. The trade, the industry, and the finance of the world, American and German and British business enterprise, and American, French and British money, are shortly to render Chinamen so busy at home, under the surveillance of Japan and the Triple Entente, that many of the now urgent problems of immigration which are disturbing the nights of American, Canadian, Mexican, Chilean, and Australian statesmen will, temporarily at all events, be shelved.\* And for the United States, above all, it is an event of the happiest omen that, just on the eve of the opening of the Panama Canal, Japan should seem to be turning her main attention to the problem of co-operation with Russia to do the world's work in those regions of the Pacific where her share of the white man's burden is and where her responsibilities seem to lie. She needs no naval base on the other side of the Pacific, at Magdalena Bay or elsewhere, to complete the marvellous epic of her rise to the rank of a Great Power by achievements as glorious as those that marked even the miraculous reign of Mutsu-Hito.

In general, it may be said that the first quarter of the twentieth century will probably be marked in world chronicles as that in which the hinterland of the eastern shores of Asia was rapidly laid open to the play of economic and financial forces. In order that this evolution may proceed in peace, Russia and Japan must be suffered to police those waters with the military and financial co-operation of their friends and allies. This operation, which will be made immeasurably easier by the opening of the Panama Canal, will take place far more rapidly

than is generally suspected, and before, from the Caspian across Siberia to the sea of Okhotsk and from Teheran to the Yellow Sea, the colossal interior of the Asiatic triangle, the apex of which is notched by the indentation of Cadiz, Brest, London and Marseilles, will be criss-crossed with railways built by Western capital, that will discipline in civilizing ways a population ready to take its part in the task of world organization. It seems hard to believe that certain Englishmen, deaf to the appeal of observers like Sir Valentine Chirol, are still hesitating to take into friendly consideration the proposal for the construction of a Trans-Persian railway: a railway that is certain to be built; that, if built by Russia, France and England, will solidify the Triple Entente; that will "help to restore the economic prosperity of Persia," "strengthen the central authority and pacify the turbulent regions through which it will pass;" and, finally, will render India an accessibly tangible portion of the British Empire and insert a prosperous buffer-State between Russia and England. While these hesitations are being prolonged, the Russian Government has launched out on a vast scheme of public works that are to transform its Asiatic possessions. Russia is building, or is about to build, feelers to its great railway across Siberia; another railway from the shores of the Caspian by way of Merv and Bokhara, along the frontier of Afghanistan to Samarkand; still another linking the Volga to the Sea of Aral; and another opening up Turkestan as far as Tashkent. These projects are but a few items in the vast programme which the solid co-operation of the Triple Entente with Japan may carry out in the interest of the economic improvement of Asia, and of the peace of the world, during the next twenty years. The detached critic of world-movements may apply to this

\* The Japonization of China has been remarkably treated by M. Rene Pinon in "La lutte pour le Pacifique," pp. 97-152.

whole series of schemes the words applied by the *Times* to the project of the Trans-Iranian: "We only hope that when the moment comes for sifting them they will be judged with greater

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foresight than was shown by British Governments in the case of the Suez Canal; for fortune may not again enable us to redeem the folly of narrow views."

*Wm. Morton Fullerton.*

## SOCIAL ASPECTS OF HOME RULE.

Lately arrived from the West of Ireland, we strolled leisurely one fine morning down the main street of an English country town, moralizing by the way on the many striking differences between England and the Sister Isle.

On one side of a narrow sea—ill-drained fields, ill-kept cottages, untidy fences, broken gates. On the other side the trim hedges and picturesque home-steads of the average English landscape. Obvious, however, as are these differences in the country, it is in the towns that they are most painfully emphasized. Here our eyes, fresh from the grey desolation of Irish towns and villages, noted with pleasure, not unmixed with envy, the old Georgian houses, solidly comfortable, and the quaint half-timbered structures, here and there overhanging the red-tiled sidewalk; even the well-filled shops and staring red-brick villas, each with its neat patch of lawn and garden, contributed to the general air of cleanliness, order, and well-being. What should we find in an Irish town of similar status? A broad main street with its uneven surface inadequately mended, as regards the worst holes, by rough patches of broken stones; cheerless whitewashed houses, two or three stories high, the ground-floors being shops which give facilities for drink in addition to their other wares; dirty sidewalks, with groups of men at every corner, leaning against the wall smoking and spitting complacently; dirty thumb-marks at the side of door

and window; here and there a few seedy geraniums peeping through hermetically closed windows; but generally little attempt at external decoration of any kind. This in the more aristocratic quarter. In the outskirts smaller houses of the same uncompromising type, only meaner in scale and general appearance, degenerating at either end of the town into squalid lines of hovels, whose moss-grown thatch seems to threaten collapse at any moment.

Can the contrast between the two pictures, a sample in each case of the rule and not the exception, be attributed merely to the greater wealth and prosperity of England, or must we look deeper for an explanation of the phenomenon?

If, as we readily admit, the wealth of England far exceeds that of Ireland, so also does her poverty, both in its nature and extent. Careful search, however, must be made for English poverty. For the most part it is decently concealed behind windows guarded by muslin and flower-pots; it does not commonly obtrude itself on the notice of the passer-by. Irish poverty, on the other hand, flaunts its rags, thrusts itself on your notice at every street-corner, and looks out at the broken doors and windows of dirty hovels in the guise of slipshod men and unkempt women.

To say that poverty is no vice is to utter a platitude. So far as it affords occasion, as it does so often, for patient heroism and self-denial, it is

very much the reverse. But the manifestations of it in dirt, disorder, and carelessness of the decencies and amenities of life are surely vices, and of a type that saps a nation's self-respect. Of this self-advertising form of poverty we Irish are surely the most able exponents. That pauperism is not so common with us as a stranger might infer from the appearance of the country, is generally admitted. In fact, it may be broadly stated that Ireland is now on the high road to a reasonable prosperity. Moderate fortunes are not uncommon. Many an Irish farmer, living in a style that an English laborer would despise, will give his daughter on her marriage a dowry of 500*l.* or 1000*l.*

The desire of the lower and middle ranks in England—to keep up appearances at all costs—and the kindred ambition to rise from their own class to that above it, or at any rate to appear to their neighbors to do so, has no counterpart in Ireland. This is probably due to the practical non-existence in Ireland of a middle class, as the term is generally understood. This class is said to be the backbone of England. Be that as it may, it serves at least as an incentive to its social inferiors to rise to its dizzy heights of respectability and material comfort.

There is a use in the very snobbery of the English lower orders which makes each man and woman wish at any rate to be called "lady" and "gentleman." It implies at least some corresponding effort to live up to the outward ideals of those much misused terms.

Self-assertion and emulation of this kind, though not unknown, are comparatively rare among Irish country folk, whose natural good breeding, where still unspoilt by American influences, would put to shame the manners of many of their fancied superiors in birth and education. Still, as we

have already hinted, those unattractive tendencies may have on the whole a beneficial influence on the character of a people, for they supply an incentive to progress, both moral and material. Their antithesis is an excessive humility and self-mistrust, combined with a certain indifference to material comfort and prosperity. This results in what we take to be one of our most serious national failings—a want of self-respect, leading to slovenliness, inefficiency, and consequent failure in almost everything undertaken.

It is very difficult for the average Britisher to understand Ireland. Before he can hope to do so he must learn to regard her as being to England as much a foreign country as, let us say, France or Germany. Not obviously so, of course. The ordinary tourist, visiting the South or West of Ireland, will probably notice nothing more distinctive than a certain look of poverty, and the comparative absence of town or factory. But a closer acquaintance will soon reveal, to the intelligent stranger, notable idiosyncrasies in habits and modes of thought, as well as speech. He will learn that there lurks, deep at the root of the national character, an almost Oriental fatalism, the result perhaps of a religious philosophy which teaches a disregard, not only relative, but absolute, for the affairs of this life, and leads to an acquiescence in the doctrine of "things as they are," rather than to that ideal of "things as they should be."

The same intelligent stranger will perhaps revise his previous conceptions of the Celt as a merry, light-hearted soul, constantly cracking jokes which, when quoted, betray usually a somewhat venerable flavor. This, like most generalizations on the subject of national characteristics, contains a certain modicum of truth, along with a good deal of exaggeration. Its basis is the



fact that the Celt is generally at his best when associating with the Saxon, whom he is popularly supposed to hate and despise. He is in consequence a general favorite, voted "a thoroughly good fellow—so Irish, you know."

It is strange, but true, that friendship has its origin more often in unlikeness than in likeness of character and temperament. The Englishman is apt to like the Irishman rather than dislike him for qualities that he does not himself possess, and which, if truth be told, he would not care to possess. His ready praise of Ireland and all things Irish sometimes surprises the Irishman, who cannot always share his generous enthusiasm.

In return, the Celt likes, or at any rate gets on with, the Saxon much better than with his fellow-countrymen, with whom he too often finds himself at variance—thanks to some petty jealousy, local antagonism, or some other of the hundred and one trifling reasons that go to make up one's likes and dislikes.

The foregoing considerations will serve for introduction to another blemish, as we think it, in the Irish character—a blemish which offers a serious obstacle to successful self-government. For want of better summary of its symptoms, we may call it an incompatibility of temper between Irishmen of the same social status. It is often assumed by the British public that the Irish tenant lives, so to speak, at daggers drawn with his landlord, the landlord being regarded, according to individual political leanings, as either a petty tyrant or a cowed or boycotted worm. As a matter of fact, the two parties, as a rule, live on friendly, if somewhat distant, terms with one another. The people are still ready to regard the gentry as their natural leaders, or would be so with a little encouragement.

To this subject we shall refer again.

It has been introduced here merely to explain and qualify our criticism of the attitude of Irishmen to each other.

It is not with his landlord or with those removed from him by nationality, creed, or social standing that the Irishman most often quarrels. It is rather his next-door neighbor, more especially if such neighbor be also his cousin, brother, parent, son, or otherwise related to him by ties of duty or kinship, who will be the object of his enmity.

Deadly and long lived sometimes are these feuds between neighbors, poisoning the social life of a rural neighborhood and supplying a fresh incentive to the rising generation to escape from an environment of petty spite or active malevolence by flying the country. Occasionally these feuds arise on a larger scale and come out in faction fights with their "casualties," even nowadays, in the shape of broken heads and more serious injuries. Bad, however, as these physical outrages may be, they are not so mischievous as the spirit of savagery and revenge of which they are the outcome.

When the Irish peasant or farmer is not quarrelling with his neighbor he is often, for one cause or another, afraid of him. The fear is sometimes of what his neighbor may say about him, for he dreads sarcasm and ridicule more, perhaps, than anything else. At other times, not without reason, he is afraid of what he may do to him. The jibe, the taunt, the practical joke may have even deadly consequence both for author and victim.

Not only are the lower classes in Ireland prone to quarrel among themselves on the most trivial occasion, they are to an extraordinary degree mutually suspicious and mistrustful. Not altogether without cause, we fear. Are not the dreary annals of Irish history filled with records of pledges broken and friends betrayed? It has

often been said that if you roast an Irishman you will always find another Irishman to turn the spit. The truth of the saying in a general sense is undeniable. A Scot will help a brother Scot up the social ladder, at least so long as such help will not prejudice his own chances. An Irishman will kick away the ladder rather than let his fellow-countryman get his foot upon one of the higher rungs. All the while, if he be, like most successful Irishmen, a politician, he will talk loudly enough of Patriotism, of "Ireland a Nation," of "Love and Brotherhood." Fine words and noble sentiments appeal to him, but not always the corresponding actions.

When the Irish emigrant has achieved prosperity, as he has done in so many cases in America or in one of our Colonies, his success is probably due to the fact that, on his arrival in his new home, he has been thrown into association with Englishmen or Scots or Americans, at any rate not with his fellow-countrymen. Separate an Irishman from Irishmen and his native intelligence and adaptability will probably lead him to a measure of success in most walks of life. Remove him from his home in Ireland to the Bowery of New York, or to the Irish quarter in some big city in England or Scotland, and he will probably retain all his old faults and failings and add to them those of his adopted country.

Just as bodies charged with the same kind of electricity, positive or negative, will repel one another, and as this repulsion will vary inversely with the distance, so is the Irishman repelled rather than attracted by his compatriot. Compel them to live at close quarters with one another and you create the occasion for a lasting mutual enmity. Without overstraining our simile, we may add that the Irishman on the one hand, and the

Englishman or Scot upon the other, may be represented in their relation by the opposite and of course mutually attractive poles of a magnet.

We may pass now to the third point in our indictment of the Irish character. It is the absence of a sense of public morality. With the private morals of our countrymen we are not concerned here. Enough to say that their standard of personal honesty and fair dealing is as high as that of most nations, if not higher. It is in the conduct of public affairs and the spending of public money that the ordinary rules of honesty are more often than not entirely disregarded. Bribery and corruption are rampant. "Jobs" of the most flagrant sort are perpetrated whenever occasion offers. Instances of this shameless want of good faith may be seen wherever popular rule is in the ascendant; for example, on the Bench, magistrates of a certain type, rarely seen at Sessions upon other occasions, will appear in crowds to support an application for a new spirit license in a district already overstocked with public-houses. It is in evidence again at crowded meetings of the County or District Councils, where members have come together, not to promote the welfare of the community, but simply to help A. B., or to prevent C. D., on grounds purely personal, from securing some contract or other. At a later meeting the said A. B., who has secured the contract, will attend in order to help E. F., who supported him on the previous occasion, to win some further advantage at the ratepayers' expense, making interest at the same time by the usual methods to secure the passing of "scamped" work and bad materials in the fulfillment of the contract which he took such pains to secure. So the game of "back-scratching and log-rolling" goes on merrily. After all, it is only the public and that vague entity, the ordinary ratepayer,

who suffers—what does it matter?

Finally, we have the House of Commons, where florid eloquence poses as genuine patriotism, and party ends are served to the neglect of the higher interests of the country.

We do not mean to imply that bribery and jobbery are unknown, or even uncommon, in England or, indeed, in any country, civilized or not. In England, however, such practices are at least regarded with disfavor, and their exponents stand condemned at the bar of public opinion. In Ireland, on the contrary, no severe censure, public or private, seems to be passed on them or on their authors—exposure, or even judicial conviction for some act of public dishonesty, however atrocious, will not necessarily banish the guilty party into private life. As like as not he will soon turn up again smiling and soliciting, it may be with success, the votes of those he has been the means of robbing. To his victims he merely appears to have acted as each of themselves would have acted in similar circumstances; their judgment is accordingly lenient.

Eloquence or verbosity, as the case may be, covers a multitude of sins, at least in Ireland. The Celtic mind has a natural bent towards vivid expressions and a grandiloquent phraseology which is not always dependent on the speaker's meaning. Politics, to the average Irishman, are just a game, whose only rule is expediency; morality, except as an oratorical device, does not come in. Thus it will be quite possible for the Irish listener to be carried away by a speaker's eloquence, even though he mistrusts his motives and detects his logical fallacies. Insincerity does not disgust him. He rather admires a plausible rogue, and will meekly follow his lead while publicly condemning his methods.

The problem for the reformer is not so much how to dispel illusions due to

the preachings of selfish agitators, as how to convince the people that honesty really is the best policy—public as well as private—and that, in conniving at fraud, they are acting directly against their own interests. His task is difficult and thankless, and nowhere more than in Ireland, for there he is faced by that most disheartening obstacle—indifference. This vice of indifference allows us, as a nation, to suffer with apparent gladness not only fools, but knaves, to mismanage our affairs. It saps our energy and leaves us seemingly content with conditions of life inferior to those of almost every other European country.

Let it not be supposed that we cast on the broad shoulders of Irish peasant, farmer, or shopkeeper the sole responsibility for a state of affairs which has made us one of the most backward of civilized nations. Rather, we regard the Irish landed gentry as largely responsible for conditions which have involved the ruin of so many of their class in the past, and may possibly result in its extinction in the near future. The typical representative of the upper classes cannot fairly be described as either dishonest or self-seeking. But in many other respects he shares the failings of his social inferior, and with less excuse. Want of ambition, and a certain genial indifference to his own interests and his country's, are his besetting sins.

Careless and open-handed, in days now past recall, crippling his estate by mortgages for debts that should never have been incurred, drinking, duelling, and living beyond his income, his portrait, as drawn in Lever's novels, although of course a caricature, is probably not essentially untrue to the facts. A thorough favorite with English readers in a novel, probably no less popular with his friends, as he swaggered about the Bath pump-room or "cut a dash" in London society, one

is driven to wonder however whether his existence was of any practical advantage to his native land. With almost unlimited power over his tenants, who, till comparatively recent days, looked up to their landlords as superior beings whose word was law, he might surely have made better use of by no means unpromising material.

His successor, in these degenerate days, retains but a shadow of the Irish landlord's former power, and his income has been sorely reduced, in some cases almost to the vanishing point. Yet he still has the home of his ancestors, and, in many cases, the regard, if not veneration, of his tenants or dependents, for respect for the family and a clansman's feeling for his chief are sentiments that die hard in Ireland. But does our typical Irish gentleman make the best use of the opportunities still left him for improving the condition of the people? Does he even do his duty as squire and householder? An air of discomfort and disorder, not to be explained by mere insufficiency of income, is too often apparent inside his house. Out of doors the same disregard of appearances is visible in neglected avenues and paths, broken or untidy fences, tumble-down lodges and out-buildings. The same person, living in England, would be ashamed to treat his property so ill; in Ireland it does not seem to matter. Nothing, in fact, matters very much except perhaps sport. The word *Mañana*, as for the Spaniard, expresses his view of life.

Generally a county magistrate, he is often remiss in his attendance at Sessions and apt to leave his duties there to the "R.M.," or to the justices of the type to which we have already referred—gentlemen whose presence is generally due to a desire to defeat, rather than to assist, the ends of justice. Why should he trouble to attend when he is not paid to do so, and when his presence may cause or enhance his

unpopularity? In such neglects he either does not realize, or does not care to remember, that, little as his countrymen practise justice among themselves, there is no quality in their social superiors which they more respect and admire.

When staying in country houses in England we have often noticed, not without a pang of shame, our hosts' kindly interest in their tenants or poor neighbors and their efforts to provide for their well-being and even amusement—efforts, by the way, accepted much as a matter of course by the objects of such attentions. In Ireland, how seldom do we notice any attempt to bridge the gulf, which, so much more sharply than in England, divides classes from masses! Hunting, racing, attendance at local fairs for horse or cattle dealing—such things provide almost the only interest in common between the two. There is but little social intercourse otherwise; no games like cricket to draw men of different ranks together on equal terms and in friendly rivalry; no common meeting ground on any subject, no object of enthusiasm in which all parties and creeds can join. Everywhere, permeating and poisoning Irish social life, stalk the accursed spectres of political and religious discord.

Add to these troubles an iniquitous system of land-tenure, which serves as a perpetual irritant to both parties, and it becomes a matter for surprise, not that relations between landlord and tenant should to a certain extent be strained, but that they should remain as cordial as for the most part they still are.

In spite of all difficulties and obstacles in the way of mutual confidence between the two main sections of the population, we believe that it is possible for the Irish gentry by tact and sympathy to do much to promote it. Until they have at least made the at-

tempt to do so, they fail to justify their existence as a class, and must in the long run pay the penalty of extinction. All the national shortcomings to which we have referred would weigh light in the scale against such a new-born confidence. Near enough to them in racial sentiment to understand and sympathize with their aspirations, remote enough to command their respect, the Irish gentry are the natural leaders of the Irish people. The people know this well in their hearts, and are only waiting for a strong lead in the right direction. Their blind devotion to Parnell would alone serve to prove, if proof were needed, that they prefer to be led by one who is, in their eyes at least, their social as well as intellectual superior.

Will the gentlemen of Ireland, or even one of them, rise to the occasion?—or will they, like the aristocrats after the French Revolution, retire to an inglorious obscurity, content to let their country go to the dogs? Largely through their own apathy they have to a great extent lost the confidence and respect of the people, while, partly through the same cause, partly through want of loyalty, as we believe, to their own class—another national failing—they have submitted to be robbed not only of power but of property. Internal combination and a resolute front to their political foes would have averted both evils.

There is still a chance of retrieving the failures of the past, but it must be confessed that signs of an awakening from the old lethargy are at present few and far between.

We may now briefly recapitulate our reasons for holding any form of self-government in Ireland under present conditions to be foredoomed to failure.

In the first place, we find deeply ingrained in the Celtic nature a contempt for law and order, and for

what we may describe as the decencies of social existence—the result of a national lack of self-respect. The man unable or unwilling to keep his own house in order is unlikely to achieve great success in the control of other men's establishments. Nations, like individuals, must learn self-respect and self-control before they are fit for self-government.

We have attempted, secondly, to impress on the reader a sense of the mistrust—we might almost say aversion—felt by individual Irishmen for their compatriots. This goes far to prevent the Irishman's success in his own country. Place him in authority in England or the Colonies, and he will probably prove himself not only capable but popular. Set him to govern his own fellow-countrymen and he will be helpless as a fish out of water.

We are accustomed to vague, while enthusiastic, assurances from Nationalist M.P.s and their supporters in England that we have only to trust the people of Ireland and all will be well. But why on earth should we trust them, when so obviously they do not trust one another and never have trusted one another in the past? Irish causes and Irish patriots have always been betrayed or deserted by their Irish supporters. What guarantee have we that the sad lessons taught by Irish history are no longer applicable to present conditions? The reply is: None whatever.

Thirdly, we find dishonesty and corruption in the management of public affairs so far as they have hitherto been entrusted to the people, while we fail to detect signs of the healthy indignation that such misconduct should arouse. There is, in fact, no public condemnation of this public evil. The conscience of the people is asleep, and shows as yet no sign of awakening. Until the present amused indifference gives place to righteous indignation, until politics, whether local or Imperial,



cease to be regarded mainly as a game unhampered by rules of fair play, so long shall we continue to receive day by day an object-lesson on the evils of Home Rule.

Lastly, we have reviewed some of the failings and faults of Irish landowners in their relations with one another and with their dependents, or rather with those who were their dependents in the past. We have noted in them a certain lack of energy and of practical patriotism which does not promise too well for the future of Ireland. It is to the upper classes, if anywhere, that we must look for the regeneration of the country. At present they are politically powerless. Were Home Rule to be passed to-morrow their share in the councils of the nation would be for some years to come small, if not entirely negligible. Their chance of practical service to their country will, however, sooner or later come. Indeed, signs of its approach are not wanting in a certain impatience of the incompetence and dishonesty of their leaders which the mass of the people betray. If, when their opportunity does come, the Irish gentry are ready to take advantage of it and to assume once more their proper share in the government of the country then, and not till then, will Ireland be fit for Home Rule.

But will Ireland want it then? Does she really wish for it even now? Those whose intimate knowledge of the country and people best qualifies them to judge will agree with us that, except at political meetings, there are few, if any, signs of enthusiasm for Home Rule.

It has been remarked that the most zealous and patriotic Irishmen are those who for one cause or another do not live in Ireland. We may suggest, as a parallel, that the most zealous advocates of Home Rule are those who have no stake in the country and so

have nothing to lose by its concession.

Doubtless most of us are acquainted with the representation of Ireland as a beautiful young woman, mourning over her wrongs and over a broken harp. The portrayal, whether mental or actual, is one calculated to stir those instincts of chivalrous pity and sympathy which live in the most commonplace breast. Were the hypothetical knight-errant to come by and beg her to state the reason of her woe, she would probably express a desire to be free from the husband to whom a cruel fate had claimed her. Still sympathetic, he might ask whether the said husband was unkind to his mourning wife. On receiving a reply in the negative—for we conceive her to be more truthful than her prototype of the fancy picture—he might ask whether she had not equal rights with him, and whether he does not do his best to please her by constant concessions. She would be compelled to admit the truth of both suggestions. A little further questioning, and our knight would ride away, filled no longer with pity, but rather with perplexity, perhaps even with disgust.

That Ireland has been badly treated by her English rulers in past years cannot be denied. That the present policy of setting class against class, by lavish promises of benefits to the one at the expense of the other, is a mischievous and pernicious policy is not open to doubt. But that the Irish people have any grievance for which Home Rule would be an effectual remedy we cannot for a moment admit.

As we have endeavored to show, the Irishman, individually and collectively, is his own worst enemy. Reform must first come from within, not from without. If, in the future, a regenerated Ireland, in which law and order, discipline and self-respect, have become the rule and not the exception, should still desire self-government, her re-

quest would not, nay could not, long be denied. Meanwhile we believe that the true remedy for these disabilities lies in the cultivation of a spirit of independence and self-help. The endless whine for Treasury doles or grants in aid for this and that scheme has earned us the reputation of being a nation of beggars. Mismanagement and misappropriation of funds too often follow the concession of these demands, and a few more monuments to our national incompetence disfigure the landscape in the shape of unnecessary roads and useless harbors—so many laughing-stocks to the intelligent tourist.

We are indeed badly governed, but the fault resides in ourselves and in our representatives, not in our union  
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with Great Britain. Heaven helps those who help themselves. We as yet have hardly begun to do our part in the work of self-help.

What we need, and badly need, in Ireland is not professions of zeal and devotion to her cause, of which we have had more than enough, but that true patriotism which enables men of all ranks and conditions, irrespective of party or private gains, to join in promoting the welfare of their country. Given that spirit of real devotion, and a new Ireland will quickly arise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old. Appreciating as we do the spirit of idealism which forms so large a factor in the Irish character, we do not altogether despair of such a consummation.

R. S. De Vere.

*Curragh Chase, Co. Limerick.*

## HONESTY.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

### PART I.—CHAPTER I

"Is Cuff in, Honesty?"

"No, sir; father, he've just stepped up-along to the town. Won't you—won't you come in, sir?"

The invitation was issued in hesitating tones, and the slim girl in the doorway made no attempt to stand on one side to admit of the Vicar's entrance.

"I can't," responded he, somewhat impatiently, "I'm too busy. I thought I should be sure to find Cuff in. It's nearly seven o'clock—two hours since he left the garden. Where's your mother?"

"Here, sir," and the tall thin figure of a woman appeared outlined against the fire-lit room into which the door opened. "Won't you please to come in, sir?"

"No, I must get home, Mrs. Cuff. Is that cough of yours better?"

"Well, I'm not so very grand, sir,

thank you," responded Mrs. Cuff, coughing in a genteel manner behind her hand. "But there, 'tisin't to be expected at this time o' year. Coughs an' Christmas, they do generally come together. I do often say to Cuff——"

"Well, I'm sorry about that cough," interrupted the Vicar a trifle hastily, knowing by experience that when Mrs. Cuff began to quote the aphorisms with which she regaled her husband it was difficult to get away. "You got that soup all right I suppose, and you'll let me know when you have finished your medicine. I must be going now. I have a thousand things to see to. When do you think your husband will be in?"

"Well, I couldn't reelly say, sir," rejoined Mrs. Cuff, fingering the hem of her apron. "Cuff, he said he had a bit o' business to do in the town, an' might be latish."

"Business, what business?" said the

Vicar severely. "I hope Cuff doesn't go to the public-house. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him coming out of the Red Lion one day last week. However, as I talked to him on the subject I need not say anything more to you, but you know, Mrs. Cuff, what must happen if Cuff, my gardener, frequents such places. His position as sexton and bellringer in itself should——"

"If my 'usband," interrupted Mrs. Cuff, with some heat, "do occasionally look in at places of entertainment 'tis along o' the politics. Bein' a staunch Conservative he'd like to use all the influence what he've a-got for the right side. You did tell en yourself, sir, his duty stared en in the face; and Cuff, he says to I—'A word in season,' he says 'more partic'lar about the education question.'"

A faint titter sounded from the doorway, and the Vicar felt distinctly annoyed: he had, indeed, when discussing the political situation with his gardener, used some such expression as that repeated by Mrs. Cuff, but it formed no part of his program that "the word in season" should be spoken in a tap-room.

"You can give Cuff a message for me," he said sharply. "Tell him not to forget to ring the bell at half-past eleven to-night as well as a quarter to twelve. I want the people to be ready in plenty of time. As this is the first time there has been a midnight service in this parish I am anxious to bring home the fact to them in every possible way."

A mournful silence ensued, and then Honesty's voice said faintly:—

"I'll not forget to tell him, sir."

"Of course he knows all about it. I explained it to him, but I'm anxious he should not forget about the first ringing. Be sure to remind him in good time. Good-evening, Mrs. Cuff—good-evening, Honesty."

He was gone. Honesty, carefully closing the door behind her, returned to the hearth beside which her mother had sunk into a chair. She was a pretty, fair-haired girl, whose habitually delicately-colored face was now pale, while her blue eyes were wide with anxiety.

"Father ull not be back from the Red Lion till after eleven," she said.

"An' he'll not go ringin' no bells, then," sighed Mrs. Cuff. "He's reg'lar set agen' the notion."

"He'll not be so very fit to start trapesin' off to church, neither," resumed Honesty. "There, mother, I do think 'tis hard o' father to go an' get drinky just at Christmas time, when he did ought to keep sober—w! so much to do in the church, an' everythin'."

"Nar' a man i' the world what doesn't get a bit drinky sometimes," retorted her mother with spirit, "an' Christmas is the time when most folks looks to enjoy theirselves. Ye didn't ought to go on that way about your father, Honesty."

"Well, I can't help thinkin' what's to become of us all if the Reverend loses patience with him," said Honesty, tearfully. "He was terr'ble upset along o' seeing father come out of the public last week, an' father an' him have a-had more than one argiment, an' he don't like that, the Vicar don't."

"He's a gentleman what's used to town ways," said Mrs. Cuff contemptuously, "an' folks what knows no better nor to go an' do as they're told straight off, whether there's sense in it or not. Now, your father always was a spirity man, an' a man what wanted to know the rights o' a thing afore he'd say 'yes' to it. 'Tis the man's natur' and the Reverend Soames liked him the better for it. 'There's one thing, Cuff,' he used to say, 'as makes 'ee valuable to me. You be the most pig-headed man in parish. If I can convince you,'

he says, 'I can make short work o' the rest.'"

"The new Vicar 'll make short work o' father, if he don't look out" said Honesty, gloomily; then the two women fell silent.

As the hours crept away and Cuff failed to appear, they gazed at each other anxiously from opposite sides of the little wood fire. Mrs. Cuff coughed a good deal, and every now and then drew her knitted shawl more closely about her. When ten o'clock struck the girl rose from her chair, and jerking open the oven door, took out a brick, which she proceeded to wrap up in an old piece of flannel.

"Now you go to bed, mother," she said. "I'll pop thik brick in your bed, an' fetch you up your drop o' gruel. I'll wait for father, and give him the Reverend's message."

"But, mercy me, my dear, your Father 'll not pay no 'tention to you. He'll never go an' ring bell for your tellin' em."

"I'll see what I can do," said Honesty. "P'raps I can persuade him. Anyhow, there's no use you catchin' your death o' cold—the fire is near out."

She ran upstairs with the brick, and presently returned, carrying a tin candlestick in which about half-an-inch of tallow candle was feebly flickering. This she handed to her mother, who obediently rose, and betook herself slowly up the ladder-like stairs.

"Don't you go for to say nothin' what mid hurt your father's feelin's," she observed, when half way up.

Honesty made no answer.

"An whatever he'd say, my dear, 'tis your dooty to respect his convictions," said Mrs. Cuff.

"Yes, mother," responded Honesty, without enthusiasm; and thereupon Mrs. Cuff disappeared.

Honesty sat down upon the rag hearth-rug and scraped together the dy-

ing embers. By-and-bye she fell into a doze from which she was awakened by the sound of a hand fumbling at the latch. Jumping up she ran and opened the door, admitting her father.

Silas Cuff was a thick-set, bearded man, hard upon sixty. He had twinkling blue eyes, which now wore a very knowing expression, while his face, usually kindly of aspect, was screwed up into lines, which, as his daughter knew, betokened determination.

"Mother gone to bed?" he queried.

"That's right. Bed's the best place on sich a cold night as this. You an' me, my maid, had best foller her example."

Taking off his hat he sent it spinning across the table with an air of finality. Honesty, cautiously eyeing him, realized with relief that though he had imbibed more than was good for him, he was by no means tipsy.

"You're forgetting about the service to-night, father," she said, as cheerfully as she could. "The Reverend was here this evening, and asked us to remind ye to ring first bell at half-past eleven."

"I'll not ring no bells, first or last," said Mr. Cuff, resolutely. "There's no sense in havin' services when folks did ought to be i' their beds."

"Oh, father, there must be sense in it, else the Vicar wouldn't want to have it, an' they do have services in other places at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve. Down to Bourne they do. Ye know Alice did tell us all about that when she had a place there."

"I do call it foolishness," said Mr. Cuff. "I did tell the Reverend so, plain. Ees, I did speak out my mind plain for his good. Says I, 'There wasn't never no talk o' sich things as midnight services in Mr. Soames' time, an' he were a good man,' I says. 'You ring the bell at eleven-thirty,' says he—but I didn't make no promise."

"Oh, but father, you must. The Reverend isn't the kind as 'ull stand nonsense."

"I'm not a man as 'ull do a foolish thing for the likes o' any young whipper-snapper, Reverend or no Reverend," retorted Cuff, with the light of battle in his eye. "When he tells me to dig a grave six foot deep for Mrs. Adlam's youngest, as weren't above two-year-old, I says nothin' but I don't make it a hinch deeper nor usual. I know'd he'd never think o' measurin' it."

"You'll go too far one o' these days, you may be sure, an' if you don't ring the bell to-night——"

"I'll not ring no bell," repeated Mr. Cuff, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets. "He can go an' hold his service by hisself if he do like, but I'll not ring no bells an' he'll not have no congregation. That'll maybe learn en a lesson."

He began to stumble up the stairs, muttering to himself: "There's no sense in it, I did tell him. 'Eleven o'clock's the time,' he says. 'I'll ring bell at half-past ten to-morrow morning right enough,' says I."

"Well, but, father, you know he told us last sermon he was a-having service at midnight to remind us more partic'lar o' Christmas."

"I don't want no reminding o' Christmas," said Mr. Cuff, pausing on the stair. "Everybody do know 'tis Christmas wi'out remindin'. You get along to bed."

"Father, father, do 'ee——"

The clumping steps retreated into the bedroom, and presently the unmistakable *thud, thud* of discarded boots fell upon the floor. By-and-bye the bolt of the bedroom door was shot. Honesty, flying up the stairs, hammered in vain upon the crazy panels; only inarticulate growls responded to her appeals.

"There, 'tis no use, my maid," came

the querulous tones of Mrs. Cuff, at last, "there'll be no doin' nothin' wi' father to-night. Ye'll get him in a reg'lar tantrum if ye do go on."

Honesty came slowly downstairs again, paused irresolutely in the middle of the kitchen, and then snatching up her mother's shawl from the settle where she had left it, went out into the night.

The Cuffs' house was at some distance from church and village; it was semi-detached, the occupants of its companion dwelling being a rather cross-grained widow and her son, a lout of about eighteen.

"Perhaps Fred would ring the bell for me," Honesty said to herself, and entering the neighboring garden she knocked at the door.

But all within was dark and still, until, at the reiteration of her summons, a window was thrown open overhead.

"Who's that? What's the matter? Is the house a-fire?"

"No, Mrs. Fripp, it's me—Honesty Cuff. Father's not so very well to-night, and the Reverend wants church bell ringing at half-past eleven."

"Popish foolishness," said Mrs. Fripp, who was a chapel woman.

"But father must do as he's told, Mrs. Fripp, an' he's not so very well able to do it. I thought maybe Fred 'ud be so kind."

"Fred, indeed, you little hussy! A nice thing to come arter my Fred at this time o' night. I've seen what you were up to a long time ago. But let me tell you 'tis no use. My son's not one for takin' up wi' maids, and if there was never another maid i' the world he wouldn't set his fancy on anyone in *your* family. I haven't forgot how your mother did serve I about my hen. No, no, an' when my lad takes to courtin' he'll pick out a maid what hasn't got a mother as eats stolen eggs."

"We thought 'twas one o' our own



hens," began Honesty tearfully, but Mrs. Fripp continuing to inveigh against Mrs. Cuff's past delinquencies and the girl's present audacity, jerked the lattice to.

"I'll have to do it myself," said Honesty. "Us can't afford to let Father be turned away."

Going back to her own home, she found and lighted her father's lantern, and then set out with a fast beating heart on her mission. The church clock in the distance chimed the quarter.

There was a cold, blustering wind blowing, white clouds scudding over the moon. The remains of a slight snow-fall, partially thawed and now frozen, had coated the lane with ice. The trees waved their leafless branches with strange creakings and groanings, while even the undulating lines of the untrimmed hedges assumed odd and almost uncanny shapes. Was that a dark figure crouching just at the turn of the lane? And what was that sudden moaning sound borne to her on a gust of wind?

Even when the dark figure resolved itself into a shadow, and the moan, on being repeated, assumed a distinctly bovine character, Honesty's terrors grew rather than abated. How solitary it was! Not a footstep except her own uncertain one, not a dwelling in sight.

As she approached the high road, however, new fears assailed her. What if she should meet some drunken reveller returning, like her father, from the public-house? Or a tramp—there might be plenty of bad characters about on Christmas Eve. She hid her lantern under the folds of her shawl and advanced with a singing in her ears and her heart thumping so loudly as to drown for her all other sounds. And suddenly she stopped short. Yonder, just where the lane broadened out in junction with the high road, was a bright light which,

as the girl drew nearer, proved to emanate from an open doorway. Through the square aperture outlined by the ruddy glow she could see the comfortable interior of a van. The firelight touched the rims of plates and cups, neatly disposed on shelves, the brass knobs of a small bedstead, a table covered with a gaudy cloth, on which was set forth a complete tea tray and a glass lamp that threw a long ray of light up the ice-bound road. Seated in front of the miniature stove was the burly figure of a man, who, with shirt sleeves rolled up and pipe in mouth, seemed very much at his ease. Surely here was one of those strange characters whom Honesty had feared to meet! A gipsy, perhaps. In that part of the world a gipsy was synonymous with thief.

As this alarming thought crossed Honesty's mind, her foot struck against an unexpected stone, and she tripped and fell, her lantern escaping from beneath the enveloping shawl, and rolling to some little distance.

"Hullo!" cried the man, "what's this?"

He got out of the van, picked up the lantern, and proceeded leisurely towards her. Somewhere in the darkness behind a horse snuffled and snorted.

"Why, 'tis a maid, an' a young maid. What be doin' walking the roads at this time o' night?"

The face, as thus seen in the light of Honesty's lantern, was that of a middle-aged man, good-natured, if a trifle scandalized in expression; the voice was gruff, but kindly. Honesty took courage.

"Please, sir, I am but steppin' down-along to the church. Father was to ring the bell for the midnight service, but he's not so very well, an' village is sich a long ways off I couldn't get anybody to take his place in time, so I have to do it myself."

"Ring bell down yonder?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, first bell has to go at half-past eleven, an' it's hard upon that now, so I must make haste."

"Why, that's a lonesome job for any young maid."

"Tis, sure," said Honesty, with a sob in her throat.

The man stepped to the door of the van and closed it, locking it and pocketing the key.

"Come then, an' I'll keep ye company," he said. "What was your mother thinkin' of to let ye out all by yourself?"

"Mother's a-bed," returned Honesty. "She's terr'ble delicate, mother is, she couldn't ha come out. We live up the Drove yonder—there is but the two houses—an' Mrs. Fripp next door, she's terr'ble ill-natured, she won't never do nothin' for nobody."

"Well, well," said the man, "it's bad for neighbors to be ill-natured. I haven't got no neighbors livin' as I do i' my van, but I do like to do a good turn to anybody what comes i' my way, an' I reckon I'll make a better hand at bell-ringin' nor you."

"I'm jist about obliged to you," responded Honesty. "Dear, to be sure, I was frightened at the notion o' goin' into church all by myself wi' all the graves round, an' the moon shinin' on 'em."

"Why, the poor dead folks 'ud not hurt ye," responded he. "Folks is quiet enough an' good-natured enough when they're dead—an' when they're dyin' too," he added, dropping his voice. "My poor old 'ooman, she were a bit of a tartar while she lived, but when she were at the last she did get so gentle, it very near used to make me cry."

"Did your wife live along of ye in the van?" inquired Honesty curiously.

"Ees, miss, she did. There, I should

judge we've traveled above a thousand miles together from first to last, round by the fairs, ye know, wi' crockery an' sich. Poor soul, she's traveled a long road now though, all alone."

"And are *you* all alone now?" asked the girl.

"Ees, my dear, never a chick nor a child did us have—more's the pity, for I be terr'ble fond o' children."

Honesty was deeply interested, so much so that she forgot to find it odd to be talking thus amicably with a complete stranger under such circumstances; indeed, something about the genial personality beside her seemed to inspire confidence. His next remark startled her in some measure.

"Your father must be jist about fond of you."

"Yes, I suppose he is. He don't ever make much fuss with me."

"Don't he, now? Well, I should ha' thought he did ought to be proud of a maid as 'ud do what you be doin'. 'Tisn't everyone as 'ud turn out for a long tramp on Christmas Eve for her father's sake."

Honesty blushed in the darkness. "'Tisn't only for father's sake," she said in a small voice. "'Tis for us all. There, I don't want to make myself out no better than I be, an' I'll tell ye the truth. Father, he's a bit drinky to-night, an' he's reg'lar set against the midnight service, an' 'tis along o' that he won't ring the bell. But our Vicar, he's not one as 'ud stand bein' contradicted, an' if he finds out as father didn't do his biddin', he'll very likely send en away. Father's gardener down to Vicarage, ye see. He midn't find it so easy to get another place, an' mother's been terr'ble poorly this winter. There, I've been up night after night with her—it 'ud be a bad job if us did have to shift."

"I see," said the stranger. "You be terr'ble fond o' your mother, bain't you, my maid?"

"Why, of course, it 'ud be funny if I wasn't," said Honesty.

He lifted the lantern so that the light fell upon her surprised face, and then lowered it again; she could hear him chuckling. "Ye be jist about an honest maid," he said.

Abashed by these compliments, the girl pursued her way in silence, and the man trudged by her side, whistling softly to himself, until they reached the churchyard gate, and made their way along the flagged path to the little ivy-covered edifice. Honesty unlocked the door, and preceded him up the winding stair which led to the belfry, standing by, while her companion, depositing the lantern on the floor, rang a vigorous peal.

"Now, then," he said, when he had concluded his task, "don't the lamps down yonder want lightin'?"

"Yes, indeed—I was forgettin' that."

"You cut away down an' do it, then—here's a box o' matches. I'll bide here an' ring again at the quarter."

"Oh, thank ye. An' bell has to be rung once more at five minutes to twelve—can ye bide so long as that? I'll bring ye back the lantern so soon as I've a-lit first lamp. I can never thank ye enough, sir—I should ha' forgot all about the lamps if I'd been by myself."

As she crept about the shadowy church, she thought of the watchful figure in the belfry with a comforting sense of protection. How scared she would have felt had she found herself alone at midnight with only the moon-lit gravestones without for company. Even the newly-lit lamps seemed to make the silent building more ghostly. She mounted the stairs again, holding up the lantern; and the watcher in the belfry, marking how the light fell across her pretty, oval face, with its shining eyes and bright hair, thought it as beautiful as an angel's.

"She didn't want to make herself out

no better than what she was," he murmured to himself, when once more he heard her light footfall echoing up the silent nave, as she proceeded to light the remaining lamps. "She couldn't do that, for I'd 'low she couldn't be better nor what she is."

By-and-bye there came the sound of a heavier step, and a man's voice was heard.

"That will be the Reverend," he said to himself. "'Tis to be hoped he won't ax the maid no questions, for she's not one as 'ud like to tell lies. No, if ever I did see a truthful face, 'tis hers. There goes the quarter. Time to ring again."

He pulled the rope lustily, and when the clangor had died away, noted the sound of approaching feet without, and the exchange of cheery greetings. Then came a pleasant bustle and stir as the entering worshippers sought their places.

"'Tisn't such a bad notion, neither," he said to himself. "I d' 'low all the folks what be come here to-night do have their hearts full o' kindness. Thikky little maid, *her* heart's kind enough, I'll go warrant."

When he had rung for the third time, he came downstairs to find Honesty waiting for him in the dusk under the gallery.

"I do thank ye with all my heart, sir," she said. "I couldn't ever think as anyone could be so good-natured. I'm only sorry you should ha' put yourself so much out o' your way along o' me."

"Be ye goin' to wait for service?" inquired he.

"I should like to," responded she, with a wistful look, "but Father he mid find me gone, and come arter me—and—and I don't know what mid happen. And Mother, if she were to wake and find me gone she mid be frightened to death and mid take a bad turn. And folks mid ask me questions about

Father. I d' low I'd best slip away now."

"I'll see you home then," volunteered her new friend.

As they stepped together out into the darkness, the organ struck up and Honesty paused a second.

"It do sound beautiful, don't it?" she cried. "There's the hymn now—so joyful isn't it? I wish 'ee a happy Christmas, sir."

"And the same to you, my maid," responded he. "Ees, Christmas is a joyful time, and a good time if ye do look at it right way. A time for families to be drawed together—and friends too."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Honesty.

They were now walking along the road briskly enough, the lantern swinging from the man's forefinger. The few late comers who passed them on their way to church brushed by without noticing them.

"I haven't got no family," said the man suddenly, "nor yet a friend what I can call a real friend."

"Is that along o' travellin' so much?" queried the girl.

"I suppose so," rejoined he. "'Out o' sight, out o' mind,' the saying goes, an' I'm no sooner come to a place nor I'm gone again."

"I d' 'low you must miss your poor wife," said Honesty, with heartfelt sympathy.

There was a little pause, then the other rejoined:—

"Ees, I d' 'low I do; but when she 'ad her health, she was a bit of a tartar."

"Perhaps some day you'll marry again," suggested Honesty.

"There now, 'tis strange for ye to  
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say that. 'Tis the very thing I were thinkin' o' myself," returned he quickly, "but it midn't be so easy for a man o' my age to find a nice wife. Who'd want to go trantin' about the country in a van wi' a man o' my age?"

"But ye bain't so old, be ye?" said Honesty naively. "I mean, I didn't think—ye don't seem—so far as I can see—"

"I'm forty," announced the man.

"Why, that's no age," said Honesty cheerfully. "Father, he'll be sixty next birthday, and he don't call hisself an old man."

Her companion uttered a queer sound, a combination of a laugh and a sigh, and after a brief pause inquired her own age.

"Oh, I'm just upon eighteen," said she, "I'm the youngest in the family. I'm the only one left at home now. I've two sisters married and one brother in America."

"Well, now," said the other, who had listened with an air of great interest to these confidences, "and what 'ud your name be? Mine's Zachary Short." (He pronounced it "Shart.")

"Mine's Honesty Cuff."

"Honesty—'Tis a vitty name. Well, Miss Honesty, I'll be bidin' yonder till arter Boxin' Day, and I'll take the liberty o' coming to see how ye find yourself to-morrow."

"Do, Mr. Short," said Honesty, "Mother 'ud be jist about pleased to see ye, and father too. That's our place up yonder—one of them two little cottages what ye see just beyond the turn o' the lane. I'll not keep ye no longer now."

Without speaking, he handed over the lantern, closing his fingers for a moment over the girl's; then was gone.

(To be continued.)

## LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

We have before us the two volumes of George Meredith's letters prepared for the press by his son, Mr. W. M. Meredith. Mr. W. M. Meredith's preface makes it abundantly clear that these volumes contain only a tithe of the correspondence that might have been produced. And as the collection is in some quarters being labelled disappointing, it is well to admit that certain of the letters do appear insufficient for their position. I, in common with many other young writers, have the best of reasons for knowing that George Meredith was extraordinarily generous towards any serious consideration of his work. And it probably was a little ill-judged to include, in so scant a collection, letters in which an acknowledged master of his art obviously is on the look-out only for positive qualities, and is setting himself to encourage beginners. Such inclusions give a handle to those who think of Meredith's taste as indiscriminating. It is in fact easy enough to say what these volumes do not accomplish. They give us no complete picture of the splendid personality, no continuous narrative. In a literary sense Meredith was not a letter-writer. The flowering of his life is in his published works. He gathered his fruits and blossoms himself. Artistically, we have in the *Letters* little more than the ground the novels and poems were fostered in. This said, it remains the fact that the volumes are of great interest.

In certain respects, the first is the more valuable. The earliest letter it contains is written in 1844 from Meredith's school at Neuwied; the second, in December, 1850, is concerned with his *Poems*, published the year after Wordsworth's *Prelude*; the fourth is about his first volume of prose, which preceded any of George Elliot's. Now,

it is one thing to be intellectually aware that Meredith was writing for fifty odd years and that he was eighty-one when he died, it is another to witness a writer, whose ideals will beckon to our children and their children after them, greeting *Aurora Leigh*, and contending with public admiration of Lytton's *Tannhäuser*. His comments on the latter prove how in essentials the Meredith of seventy was present in the young man of thirty. The poem, he complains, gives him a cloyed sensation, "the alliteration is so persistent the ears feel as if they had been drummed on. Power of narrative I see. Mimetic power of a wonderful kind, and flow of verse also extraordinary. But I am not touched by any new music in it. I do not find any comprehension of human nature, or observation, or sympathy with it. I perceive none of the subtleties, deep but unobtrusive, that show that a mind has travelled." Of great interest, too, in these opening pages are three verses presented to Janet Duff Gordon about the year 1859. For they contain the complete germ of perhaps the most magnificent of all the great lines of *Modern Love*:—

"In tragic hints here see what evermore  
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's  
force,  
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior  
horse,  
To throw that faint thin line upon the  
shore!"

History there is too, albeit of some bitterness, in a postscript to a letter of 1860 in regard to the publication of *Evan Harrington*:—"Should it be needful," Meredith writes to his publisher, "You may say that we are going to be guilty of no impropriety in this tale, and will never again offend young



maids." *Richard Feverel* had been banned from more than one pulpit; the sale was affected; and nineteen years were to elapse before the book was reprinted. A letter of 1861 again contains the Meredith we know: "Do you remember," he writes to Captain Maxse from Venice, "in *Julian and Mad. dalo*, where Byron and Shelley, looking towards the Euganean Hills, see the great bell of the Insane Asylum swing in the sunset? I found the exact spot. I have seldom felt melancholy so strongly as when standing there. You know I despise melancholy, but the feeling came. I love both these poets; and with my heart given to them, I felt as if I stood in a dead and useless time. *So are we played with sometimes!*" The italics are mine. Meredith could, if he would, have sounded the minor cadences to perfection. If we need any proof of this, we have it finally in his *Ballad of Past Meridian*. But from these earliest days his aim was something quite different. This is made evident in a letter about the poems of 1862 containing *Modern Love*:—"As to the poems; I don't think the age prosaic for not buying them. *Modern Love*, as a dissection of the sentimental passion of these days, could only be apprehended by the few who could read it many times. Between realism and idealism, there is no natural conflict. . . . Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work. . . . Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe; and in their way Molière, Cervantes) are realists *au fond*. But they have the broad arms of idealism at command. They give us Earth; but it is earth with an atmosphere. One may find as much amusement in a kaleidoscope as in a merely idealistic writer." A year or two earlier, November, 1861,

he had written: "I rarely write except from the suggestion of something actually observed. I desire to strike the poetic spark out of absolute human clay."

As a series, the most satisfactory letters now published are those to Captain, later Admiral, Maxse. It is well-known that Maxse was the original of Beauchamp, and the early letters to him are the more valuable that most of those to the friends of Meredith's youth are missing. There are very few to his intimates, Cotter Morison, and Leslie Stephen; while, impressive as those to John Morley are, they are mostly business-like or written in later life. There are three entertaining letters to Maxse, in 1866, concerned largely with Maxse's diet and his leanings towards teetotalism. "You must needs" Meredith writes, "lay down positive principles as if your existing state" (Maxse has indigestion) "were the key to things. You will become a fanatical Retired Admiral, advocating Maine liquor laws for every natural appetite on earth. . . . I feel Fred going, and an eccentric force usurping his place. Do you feel for the Pope yet? The Holy Father is unfortunately situated, surely." Later he writes, objecting to Maxse's sacerdotal dress, and to his smashing all the wine bottles at a Southampton mayoral banquet! We may be allowed to enjoy the author of Beauchamp rounding thus upon Beauchamp's idealism!

There is great weariness often in the earlier letters (it was poetry Meredith cared most deeply to write, and practically throughout his life he had to pay for its publication). He suffered from bad health, caused by over-work: "Truly the passion to produce verse in our region is accursed," he writes. "I ask myself why I should labor, pay to publish the result, with a certainty of being yelled at, and haply spat upon, for my pains;" and again, to his son

in 1868, "My novels have been kept back by having had to write on newspapers, the only things that paid." And, further, "Health is weak, and never will be much, I fear, unless I can purchase two years' rest and travel." He detested mechanical tasks. "I should have sworn," he wrote to me once of an error in the *Essay on Comedy*, "I had never been guilty of a double 'which' in a sentence. But I was ever a blind corrector of proofs." That is a fact; in respect to punctuation, at least, all earnest readers of Meredith's poems at times must have suffered from it. It is much to be hoped that, from the complete edition of his poems, now about to appear, the flaw may have been removed. These volumes put Meredith's pecuniary struggles before us, and it is right and inevitable that the sight should be painful to a generation that loves him. Yet to dwell long on this side of the picture is to offer an offence to his personality. No man, in word or in deed, has waged such war on Self-pity as he. In *One of our Conquerors*, he tells us that "Dudley, treating of modern pessimism, had draped a cadaverous view of our mortal being in a quotation of the wisdom of the Philosopher Emperor: 'To set one's love upon the swallow is a futility,' and she, weighing it, nodded and replied: 'May not the pleasure for us remain if we set our love upon the beauty of the swallow's flight?'" The philosophy of Meredith's life is in Nesta's reply.

Personal difficulty, however acute, never filled his horizon. For the years immediately succeeding the day in 1858 when he was left alone with his infant there are no letters, and he did, indeed, hide for a while from his friends. But presently he is meeting the Duff Gordons again, and opening his friendship with Frederick Maxse. A letter of October, 1861, to William Hardman, has these lines:—"I came back to the

world again" (from a week in Suffolk) "to find that one had quitted it who bore my name, and this filled my mind with melancholy recollections. My dear boy, fortunately, will not feel the blow as he might have done in different circumstances." The estrangement, it may be remarked, between Meredith and his first wife, a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, is treated just as it should be in an editorial note near the beginning of the *Letters*. The following month, November, 1861, witnessed the beginning of Meredith's friendship with Dr. Jessopp, soon to be Arthur's schoolmaster. And for the next two or three years, letters are many to Arthur, Janet Ross, Maxse, the Jessopps, and Hardman. In October, 1863, one appears to Miss Katherine Vulliamy, and in August of 1864, Meredith is married to Marie Vulliamy. Letters written about her, particularly to Maxse and the Jessopps, are among the most beautiful in the book. The volume closes in 1881, with a series to Arthur Meredith, who by this time is travelling for his health on the Continent. The note of the relationship has changed sadly, but the father's solicitude is unfailing still.

Nine years later, Arthur Meredith returns to England to die, the second Mrs. Meredith had died in 1885, and Meredith writes:—"I pass into the shades of dear ones, and have to question myself of the kind of lamp I have trimmed to light me." But the time that remained to him was gloriously filled. He worked on for years; there was constant coming and going to the little house at Box Hill; the letters are teeming with interest and luminous summaries of persons and things. Of James Thomson, Meredith says:—"A domestic centre of any gracious kind would have sheathed his over-active sensational imaginative-ness", and again, "The task of a preface to Thomson's works would be to

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show him pursued and precipitated to do this poetical offence of dark monotonousness, which the clear soul of the man would have been far from committing had he not been so driven."

To Mrs. Leslie Stephen he writes:—"The case with women resembles that of the Irish. We have played fast and loose with them, until now they are encouraged to demand what they know not how to use, but have a just right to claim. . . . And they will get it; and it will be a horrible time. But better that than present sights." Mr. Haldane, he writes to an artist, is to bring John Dillon again to see him next week: "I should like you to see and study Dillon's eyes. They are the most beautiful I have ever beheld in a head—clear, deep wells, with honesty at the bottom." Of Carlyle he says:—"He was the greatest of the Britons of his time, and after the British fashion of not coming near perfection; Titanic, not Olympian; a heaver of rocks, not a shaper." In January, 1890, he pens certain words we now gladly remember. He has been to Browning's funeral, and he writes:—"Sweeter is the green grass turf than Abbey pavements."

One thing these volumes make very clear is that violences—violations almost—of expression were natural to Meredith. They occur in these letters at points where affectation is out of the question, and where to most men of sensitiveness in the least comparable to his, they would have been impossible. These points are at the heart of his life. In regard to a lesser man, or even to one who had not told us all that Meredith has told, there is a class of these letters we should hesitate to quote from or even allude to. But with Meredith this is not the case. It is only to-day we may read: "September 18th, 1885. Dearest Morley, The end has come. I returned from town to find the dead hand warm—not only the

squeeze that never failed at mine. With me she lives till I go out;" but its parallel—or, rather, the flame the letter envelops and partly obscures—was long ago ours:

"My good companion, mate,  
Pulse of me: she who had shown  
Fortitude quiet as Earth's  
At the shedding of leaves."

The same letter (to Mr. Morley) continues:—"I do not know whether you have firm feelings at black ceremonials. If your engagements and state of mind permit, you would be very welcome by my side on this forlorn march of dust." Happily, here again we have, beside the whole embalming of the relationship with his second wife in *A Faith on Trial*, the lines Meredith carved on her tomb:

"Who call her Mother and who calls  
her Wife  
Look on her grave, and see not Death  
but Life."

Lesser men, as I have said, could not love as Meredith loved, and phrase a "forlorn march of dust" of their dearest's funeral, neither could they write (again to Mr. Morley) of her mortal illness:—"It is bed to grave." Meredith could. Yet the letters set the rare delicacy and intensity of his family relationships beyond any question. The centre of the whole impression they leave with us is of wonderful tenderness. This has fullest scope perhaps in regard to the child of his first marriage, Arthur Meredith. His solicitude as to the boy's happiness—his prayers and his meals and his childish mishaps—is exquisite, and among the most engaging of all the letters are the many about the child to his schoolmaster and to others. The series to his daughter, in later life, is intensely affectionate too, and behind these nearest ones stand a number of persons—Arthur's step-sister Edith Nicolls, a bevy of French

brothers and sisters-in-law, their parents and wives, and, later in life, his grandchildren—with whom Meredith's relations were glowing and constant. The endurance and strength of his feeling in friendship was great, and there is a very remarkable letter of March 23rd, 1871, which shows that even at a moment of severance his affection in some degree was impregnable.

Meredith's contemporaries, where they had not reacted violently from any kind of religious or spiritual belief, had for the most part patched up unreal truces with science. To realize the astounding originality of Meredith's thought we have only to compare his philosophy with that of Tennyson or Maurice. There is evidence in the *Letters* that Meredith read *In Memoriam*, and, indeed, everything Tennyson wrote, with care and appreciation of the craftsmanship. But between the mental outlook of the writer of the *Idylls* and the writer of *The Sage Enamoured*—to take one aspect of life alone—the gulf was wide. Meredith has hard things to say of the "curate's and British matron's" morality of the *Idylls*. Further, he writes to Maxse: "Tennyson has many spiritual indications, but no philosophy." Meredith is, before all things, a philosopher; and he built up his philosophy from the roots. If in fiction he broke much new ground, his conception of poetry was even further removed from the ideals of his age. As Mr. Basil de Selincourt has said, he refused to recognize the accepted poetic distinctions between the high and the low; "both higher and lower being equally in their degree the expression of the principle of life that pervades the whole." A five-year-old niece of mine, partly, no doubt, from difficulty with the actual word, but partly, also, to express her feeling, christened the Zoological the Zoomagical Gardens. Hers was the true Meredithian spirit. Most

men and women to-day feel some sort of magic in sunrise and sunset, the moon and the stars; they can sympathize with Richard and Lucy when "golden lie the meadows, golden run the streams, red-gold is on the pine-stems," with Emilia and Wilfred when "the moon is a wind-blown white rose of the heavens;" but of the union of spiritual and material, right up the scale, as Meredith saw it, they have not the smallest conception. Long ago he made his novelist's plea for a representation of man neither rose-pink nor filthy, but "real flesh, wind-beaten, yet ascending." The task of his life was to prove:—

"How from flesh unto spirit man grows

Even here on the soil under sun."

And in the *Letters* we find: "Let men make good blood I constantly cry. I hold that to be rightly materialist—to understand and take Nature as she is—is to get on the true Divine high road." "Does not all science tell us that when we forsake Earth we reach up to a frosty, inimical Inane? For my part I love and cling to Earth as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess."

It goes without saying that the political views of such a mind could be of no easy or opportune order. After working for Captain Maxse through two months in the Southampton election of 1867, Meredith set out his political faith, with Maxse's, in *Beauchamp's Career*. But, unlike Maxse's, his Radicalism strengthened with age. It was firmly based, and nine years before his death, in *Foresight and Patience*, he explained its basis exactly. In this respect, as in all others, the *Letters* do no more than support our previous knowledge. Yet among the later ones, especially those to Lord Morley, are many that fill out our consciousness of Meredith's political wisdom and sanity of judgment. Among

these are numerous allusions to Ireland, a reminder regarding militant woman's suffragism, of masculine hysteria in connection with Mafeking, flashlights on politicians—"Gladstone divides me. Half of him I respect deeply, the other half seems not worthy of satire,"—and everywhere illuminations of foreign affairs. (To the close of his life, his study table was covered with foreign newspapers). Always the opinions expressed are extraordinarily balanced, a real, though a comparatively slight illustration of this being a letter of May, 1908:—"Dearest Morley, When I heard of the coronet, or rather, saw it in the political heavens, poised above your head, my feelings at first must have resembled your own. After some turmoil, I decided that it was good for you and the country. It saves you from the heckling of the ignoramus in the Commons, and more, you will not have to raise your voice for an address to constituents. The state of your throat has caused me anxiety."

Finally, these volumes leave us with a vivid renewal of the impression we received on Meredith's eightieth birthday and, more strongly again, on May 18th, 1909. No facile comfort was offered that day in the hard light of the cemetery at Dorking; the ceremonial

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afforded no kind of artistic relief. Its participators were thrown back on themselves. The lark's singing seemed part of the sharpness, and no solace came from its sound. Only in sight of it going high above the hard little tombs came any relief. For Meredith's words on the sight came back to us. The winging skylark, he had sung:

"Extends the world at wings and dome  
More spacious, making more our  
home."

That was what this man had accomplished. He had pushed back the impalpable; the dreaded was smaller, the habitable and the recognized was wider for his time upon earth. He had probed beneath the House of our Life, and shown its foundations secure. He had tracked through burrows of nerve and sensation, where "thousand eyeballs under hoods have you by the hair," and with his ear to the earth, whose rumblings he had penetrated more deeply than any before him, he had cried at the last:

"By my faith there is feasting to  
come;  
Revelations, delights . . .  
. . . I hear a faint crow  
Of the cock of fresh mornings, far, far,  
yet distinct."

*M. Sturge Gretton.*

## IN THE HEART OF DICKENS LAND.

The almshouses at Cobham, that little village in Kent immortalized by its associations with Charles Dickens, are not so well-known as the "Leather Bottle" of the same place. That, of course, was the hostel to which, as we learn in "Pickwick," Mr. Tupman retired when giving up the world; and henceforward all the sign-posts in the neighborhood are careful to announce the whereabouts of his retreat. But I cannot allow that the "College" (to

give the almshouses their local title) is any less worthy of present interest, while its antiquity is vastly the greater.

Hidden away in the shadow of the parish church (which by the way contains the largest collection of "brasses" of any in England), and easily overlooked by the passer-by, for generations this charity has been doing its work of mercy to the Glory of God and in memory of the Founders.

Its beginnings go back almost into



the dark ages, for here there are really two Foundations, to account for all the buildings on the spot. The first, that of Sir John Cobham, who, in 1362, built and endowed a chantry (in perpetuity, he hoped) for five chaplains. Of this, dismantled at the Reformation, only portions remain incorporated in the walls of the present buildings, and possibly in parts of the "Hall" and of the "Dungeon," so called. The second Foundation, which stands to this day, The New College, was made by Sir William Brooke, Lord de Cobham, for the relief of the deserving poor of the neighborhood, in 1598.

There are some twenty little houses in all, grouped round a courtyard, carpeted with turf. Very pleasant and peaceful they look under their warm red roof and tall Elizabethan chimneys. The right to occupation is divided among some dozen of the surrounding parishes, and the inmates are carefully watched over nowadays by a resident nurse and a warden. To each cottage is attached an allotment, outside, where fruit and flowers are cultivated: the more able-bodied generally assisting those who are unable to attend properly to this work themselves.

Who knows! but perhaps the neighborhood of this monument of Goodwill may have suggested something to Dickens when he prepared to rouse the nation to a sense of its responsibilities in the essential brotherhood of man by his famous series of Christmas books.

Not that the inhabitants of the Alms-houses have much money or thought to spend on Christmas festivities—they live too near the borderland of the "Great Beyond," whence there is no return—by this, I do not mean that they are solemn or depressed: on the contrary they appear quite happy and contented; but, there is always present the *memento mori*. The angel of

death chose to make his call last Christmas day, for one then who was "singing a good 'un" only the night before. They are not without the means of making a feast if they will, for by the kindness of Lady Darnley, of Cobham Hall, each member receives a plum pudding and 2 lb. of beef to make ready for the day.

That the types of the inhabitants vary considerably is not surprising seeing that a town as large as Gravesend is included in the parishes, with rights; but naturally the agricultural laborer and his wife predominate.

By the rules of the Founder: "no member of the community is to give any railing speech to any other of them under the pain of a fine of six-pence." This perhaps is the cause of the formality with which they greet one another, for the prefix mister or mistress is never omitted.

Summer-time of course, is the best season in which to make a visit. Then the little courtyard and its surroundings are at their best. Flowers brighten up the little plots before the doors or are festooned in flower pots upon the walls: each inmate seems to vie with his neighbor in making his abode attractive.

One of the most striking of these arrangements was that of an ex-publican fallen on evil days, but without damping his spirits or his appetite for company. In an original fashion, the wall of his quarters was enlivened by cages of two parrots, green and grey, as well as those of several finches, each shaded by a cabbage leaf; beneath, a regular bower of many colored flowers, in front of which some large sunflowers marked their watch on time.

The master on his doorstep, busy making doormats, carried on a conversation with his pets and the yard in general, in tones which were punctuated by facetious remarks by the grey parrot or screams by the green. In-

deed so uproarious was the din at times, that neighbors have complained with fatal results to the green parrot while the grey is now confined indoors.

Boniface, a widower, is reduced to discussing with his nearest neighbor, a widow lady, the best way of cooking bacon or how one should choose a chop.

But the real pets of the community are the cats, and they are of every size, shape and color. Of them all a large and stately Persian was perhaps the chief, I mean in my opinion, for of course each one thought his own cat the best.

There was "a fly in the ointment" here somehow also, as I found later on inquiring after the health of my choice during a recent visit.

A neighbor whispered, "Ah! The cat got a cold and she had it killed—there was a little dispute about it—it would have got over it, but she had it killed." Whether it was the dispute or the cold that would have been got over I did not venture to inquire.

The most striking looking of the inhabitants had been a county cricketer in his day, but having the misfortune to lose a leg he was forced to betake himself to a tailor's bench. His passion for the game was such, however, that he managed to hold on to it to the last. "He was a humpire, you know," a friend of his informed me. "A clever old man were he, and we were boys together! He was a humpire, but he always got 'em out. The other humpires 'knowed he,'" he went on cryptically. But the really red-letter day of the year for this community was the arrival of an aeroplane or "areoplane," as they called it.

The old man who was the first to sight it conducted me down to the foot of his garden to the exact spot whence it first appeared to him from the direction of Cuxton. On the way he

explained various difficulties about the Old Age Pension, and how the Act affected him adversely owing to his being a widower. In chaff I hinted that the defect might still be remedied, but he assured me solemnly "that he had enjoyed a wife for sixty years, and did not want another." From this he passed to some onions which he had raised from some strange seed. "They was Tri-poll," he assured me with pride. For a moment I was nonplussed, and I thought that perhaps some ambitious seedsman had gone back to the classics for a name to advertise his produce. Then it dawned on me that the title merely referred to the seat of the recent war between Italy and Turkey.

We had now reached the spot from which the aeroplane was seen.

"I heard the 'buzzin'," said my host, "and, lookin' round, seen it a comin' right up the valley. It circled round jist like a bird, and comed down jist there"—pointing to a field a couple of hundred yards away. "Of course, everyone in the neighborhood was soon on the spot, and then came more buzzin', and another 'plane appeared over the ridge of the hill, circled round as if lookin' for someone, then dropped down into the same field beside its mate, and there they stayed for the night. Nobody saw them go away, but they were gone in the morning. I was glad to have seen 'em before I died," so the old man finished.

There is no phase more typical of one side of the English character, in its mingling of the sentimental with the extremely practical, than is to be found in the custom dedicating and endowing almshouses and other small local charities for the benefit of the deserving poor.

The number of these charities becomes truly astonishing to a stranger and even to a native, who makes it his business to travel much about in rural districts. No matter how small or re-

mote the hamlet, the probability is that if he will trouble to inquire of any responsible person in the neighborhood, he will discover that at some period some local worthy or other has left a field or a legacy in money which is still administered for the benefit of the local poor. That the administration of these funds is mainly in the hands of the Established Church had led to a certain amount of criticism in recent years, when the mere chance of anything being established becomes its qualification for being attacked. But the fact that these funds have been left chiefly by churchmen for the benefit of "Church" people surely speaks well for the work done by that Church and the regard in which it is

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held by its supporters. Anyway, does this large quantity of charity, coming down from many generations past, not represent more truly that innate feeling for justice and good fellowship of the English nation than any writing up of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity at the street corners or elsewhere? To paraphrase a celebrated definition of the difference between Christianity and Socialism: That ideal is surely the nobler which even in a small way can say "What's mine is thine," than that other which would elaim on its own recommendation "What's thine is mine," and denies the right of existence to a spirit of charity between those "who have" and those who "have not."

*A. S. Hartrick.*

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## FROM AN ISLINGTON WINDOW.

### I.

Some of us have an idea that nobody nowadays knows anything of his next-door neighbor, and that to a certain extent civilization shuts us from the sympathy of our fellows. This I hold to be a mistake. We may indeed live for years close to people without so much as interchanging a "Good morning," perhaps without even learning their names; yet somehow the comedy and tragedy running through their lives is not wholly veiled from curious or sympathetic eyes. We can pity, satirize, reproach, admire the strangers who live next door to us as much as if they were familiar acquaintances.

Among the many stories from windows that have impressed me at different times, none, perhaps, is better worth chronicling than the one I am about to relate. Certainly none has ever so forcibly brought home to my mind the inscrutable mysteries running through everyday human life.

From childhood upwards I have

known and loved Islington, every corner of which was at one time familiar to me. My first stay in London, indeed, was in a little street abutting on the New River and close to Charles Lamb's house, parish church, Green, and the glittering shop windows of Upper Street. The sombre old Canonbury Tower a little farther off, and the rather superior dwellings round about with their laburnum and lilac trees scenting the May air—should I find these if I revisited the scene after so many years? Changed, certainly, would everything be, for I write of the days when my first London "sight" in childish days was that of a young radiant queen, wife and mother, opening Parliament.

The Islington window from which I witnessed so strange a life-story in dumb show did not lie within a stone's throw of Ella's dwelling. Two decades later, no longer a sight-seeing school-girl but a hard student of "men, women and books," and already an ac-

credited novelist, I often revisited Islington. My quarters were now in a much airier neighborhood, with wide, well-kept streets, and not far from Highbury. Folks here did not make ends meet by taking in young, poorly paid City men at sixteen shillings a week, which included breakfast, supper, and the Sunday dinner. No "Old Clo" men or Jewish traffickers in left-off clothing paced this street every morning. No "Apartments" showed from the windows. Ancient women in plaid shawls worn to thinness did not here do daily duty for a maid-of-all-work. We had, indeed, moved two or three steps higher in the social scale.

Our street at the time was tenanted by households whose incomes might average from two, three, or even four hundred a year—people sufficiently easy in circumstances to keep a well-paid servant, have good furniture, wear good clothes, and fare, if not sumptuously, at least abundantly, all the year round. As soon as winter set in bright fires burned on the hearth, lamps were lit, warm curtains drawn; everything to the outsider betokened ease and comfort.

Of course, life was a struggle to many a head of the family here as elsewhere. These small merchants, City clerks, commercial travelers, and others, were not all flourishing, not all able to show a cheerful countenance as they set off for the City at early morning. But for the most part they appeared to be well-to-do, solvent men, all rather likely to rise than to descend the upward ladder.

Proverbs are not always to be accepted as infallible.

There are certainly cupboards without their skeleton, yet many a cupboard does hide one; also it may be said that most streets have a bugbear, a blotch, a moral defacement, and our especial street was thus haunted.

"Auntie, auntie," the children would call to me, "do come and look at the man on the doorstep." "Here comes the man on the kerbstone," servants were in the habit of saying as they glanced at the house opposite. "The man on the doorstep has just had his dinner," and so on.

Our *vis-à-vis* neighbors were worthy folks, and evidently in very comfortable circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were a portly, good-looking and good-natured pair in robust middle-age. Their lads went regularly to a good mercantile school close by: their sisters as regularly to a "seminary" for young ladies in Canonbury Place, the elder of them helping her mother at home. Mr. Brown was churchwarden at the parish church, and on Sundays the whole family without fail attended morning and evening service; on returning from the first to find the vagrant awaiting his plateful.

The man on the doorstep was about twenty-three, of medium height, not naturally ill-favored, and, as far as we could judge, in full possession of his faculties. Out-at-elbows, down-at-heel, the veriest tatterdemallion imaginable, it was easy to see that he had once belonged to the respectable ranks of society; the clothes he wore had once been good and modish. In fact, as if to heighten the irony of his position, he wore for some time—till it almost dropped off—an old tall or dress coat, a silk hat equally dilapidated, patent boots and black-cloth trousers. In this or similar garb, in which he would be the same, summer or winter, he would haunt our cheery street, a spectre never to be got rid of. Weekdays, holidays, Sabbath and Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, it was all one to the man on the doorstep. Whatever else might be missing, he was sure to be there.

He usually appeared at some hour of meals, as a rule about the time of the

midday dinner, and we could not help noticing his visits. He would hang about the house and make no sign till one of the servants—these substantial people kept two—or the younger children would come to the garden gate bringing a plate of victuals, which he would eat in the sight of passers-by, sitting on the doorstep or the abutting support of the wall. The house had a nice, little, well-kept bit of front garden.

The plate when emptied would be left on the doorstep or kerbstone, whereupon he quietly sauntered down the street with his hands in his pockets and a look rather of defiance than of shame or despair on his downcast face.

Sometimes his behavior would be obstreperous. He would go to the front door and stand pulling the bell violently till somebody came, either a servant or one of the children. Then an altercation would ensue, and only by dint of sixpence or a shilling was he bribed to go away.

Everything concerning him remained dark to the neighbors as to ourselves. What had brought this young man to such a depth? Who was he? What claim had he on this eminently respectable family? Why was no effort made to shake him off? Why were not the police summoned whenever his violent conduct made us all rush to the windows and arrested open-mouthed butcher boys and nursemaids? Above all, why were no steps taken to raise him from this abyss of degradation—be rid of him altogether?

We were not in an imaginative little world. For the most part folks here meddled little with affairs that did not concern them, and very rarely showed any exercise of fancy. But that strange figure squatting regularly as clockwork on the doorstep did awaken hazardry and surmise. The mystery unlocked the most stagnant-

minded among us. All kinds of solutions from time to time reached our ears.

Romance and tragedy would hardly be associated with so humdrum and immaculately respectable a household as that of our opposite neighbors.

Yet tales of tragic romance did get about concerning this living ghost, this simulacrum of a man. To every British family, of course, belongs some seafaring man, some bold skipper or merchant captain who has traveled in the Levant or the Spanish Main. And to every middle-class family belongs also some unmarried sister or cousin who has acted as governess in "foreign parts," a term embracing every country outside England. And what nineteenth century middle-class family was ever without a relation in India—civil servant or otherwise? One day we learned that Mrs. Brown *née* Smith, had the devil-me-care of a brother who had wedded or betrayed some exotic maiden, and that the down-at-heel hanger-on was his discarded progeny, the aforesaid captain not having been heard of for years. Another time we were assured that a sister of the Browns' had taught English in a French nobleman's family, and of course we all know what Frenchmen are! The man on the doorstep certainly was no more Gallic than Oriental in appearance, but as he always held his head down no one could swear to physiognomic particulars. A third explanation of the mystery seemed much more plausible. The tatterdemallion was a victim of the Indian Mutiny, as a boy placed at school to which certain of the elder Browns or Smiths went daily. Orphaned by the Massacre of Cawnpore, unidentified as to parentage by the authorities, a ne'er-do-well, or maybe his character affected by such reverses, he had come to this, a few kind-hearted parents of former schoolfellows keeping him from



starvation. Now one and all of these contingencies might have a dramatic finale. The more lively of us made up our minds that by a will, made on the high seas, the captain's son would one day come into possession of hoarded-up doubloons and piastres, or that we should see a couple of Frenchmen with lawyers' portfolios alight at the door opposite, and that money would come to the man standing there in consequence of a deathbed repentance, or what really seemed not merely possible but probable, even likely, the orphan of Cawnpore would awake to find himself the long-lost heir of rich and passionately longing parents.

One thing all of us firmly believed—sooner or later the mystery would be cleared up, and we should learn why the plateful of victuals on the kerbstone was never withheld, and why, being given, some better form of charity did not follow.

## II.

Days, weeks, months passed and nothing extraordinary happened. Every morning Mr. Brown and the other City men, our neighbors, started for Aldermanbury or Wood Street at the accustomed hour. Every morning boys and girls trotted off to school, and every season brought its usual street cries and wares—"Sweeps, sweeps," "Meat, meat" of the cats'-meat man, "Ornaments for your fireside," and "Buy a broom" of the gypsy—the salad boy with his garden "Cresses and radishes"—later on "Strawberry ripe," later still "Clear your snow away," and the rest.

And unfailingly as these routinists, alike in balmy May, burning August and chill November, came the man on the doorstep. For him the varying season had evidently no meaning, even Christmas Day came as any other.

But of course monotony was broken

from time to time, and one day we learned that a gala event was to take place in our street. The eldest daughter of our opposite neighbors was to be married, and people's first thoughts were of the man on the doorstep. Would Lazarus venture to approach Dives' door on such an occasion? Would he squat down on the doorstep and eat his plateful of victuals in sight of the wedding-party? Speculation was rife upon this subject for days beforehand, and, when the wedding morning came, gossips' minds were busier with the street-haunter than with the bride. You see, in spite of what is said to the contrary, next-door neighbors of suburban streets do get to know something of each other's affairs, and without any social intercourse, take lively interest in every unusual domestic incident. Alike baptisms, weddings, and funerals touch a chord of sympathy.

I was absent when the wedding-party quitted the house, nor did I get back till noon, at the time fixed for the return from church and the wedding breakfast.

A little crowd had, of course, collected to witness the carriages drive up; there was the butcher's boy with his tray, the green-grocer with his donkey, the midday postman, besides numerous nursemaids with children, and street urchins. Elderly folks and those mindful of propriety, like ourselves, eyed the proceedings from their windows.

The wedding company resembled any other. There was the bride, attired as even brides in modest spheres of life were then, as now, wont to be, in white silk dress, veil, and orange blossoms. There was the bridegroom in spick-span frock coat, light grey trousers, and pale kid gloves. There was the bride's mother in brand-new grey silk gown and bonnet with a white feather, her portly husband look-

ing the picture of prosperity in white waistcoat, on which glittered a massive gold chain and dangling seals; next came the young sons, and the daughters—all bridesmaids—and all wearing new clothes in honor of the occasion; lastly, the wedding guests, numbering about a score. And sure enough there was our living ghost, the phantom in rusty dress-coat and threadbare silk hat!

He had not taken up his usual position on the lower step of the flight leading from front door to garden path, nor on the kerbstone, doubtless a policeman having ejected him. Squatted on a ledge of garden wall half a dozen yards off he awaited his plateful. Whilst the wedding-party one and all ignored or seemed to ignore his presence, he kept his eyes fixed upon them, only listless, sullen curiosity traceable in their expression. He waited for a while, and as it was summer-time and all the windows were open, soon the clatter of knives and forks, the uncorking of champagne bottles, and other sounds betokening conviviality, reached not only his ears, but our own on the opposite side of the way. Then the noise increased, voices growing round, talk and laughter growing louder and more jovial as the banquet proceeded.

This had gone on for half an hour when the patience of the suppliant seemed exhausted. He rose with an angry ejaculation, and going boldly up the front steps pulled the bell with such violence that the peal must have disturbed even the noisy wedding guests. Anyhow, it had the desired effect. With all expeditiousness a maid-servant now appeared, impatiently thrust a plateful into his hands and went away, slamming the door in his face. He eyed the plate narrowly, and sitting down ate as usual. What the meal consisted of on his hilarious wed-

ding day I could not see, but after a while I noticed the front door open once more. The same maid, assuring herself that he was still there, then descended the steps and without a word put a small paper bag beside him, presumably containing some dainty cakes and a glass of wine. The glass was emptied and put down. The paper bag thrust into his pocket, then, as if nothing whatever had happened, the down-at-heel, out-at-elbow, slouching figure shuffled away. And again days, weeks, months passed without any conjectural triumph, without any occult hint or elucidation of the mystery. From time to time we had expectant little shivers, passing tremors of suspense. One day a seafaring man knocked at the door opposite and was admitted. Could he be the recalcitrant merchant captain come to claim his own? But during his visit, up slouchingly came the man on the doorstep for his plateful. Another day a moustached foreigner (in those days moustaches thus distinguished the alien visitor to our shores)—elderly, of gentlemanly appearance, was seen loitering in our street. Then indeed curiosity rose to fever pitch; but alas! he proved to be the French master of a Highgate school who had taught in it for years, having been exiled as a revolutionary after the fatal Second of December. And, later on, a likelier apparition still sent everybody to the window and set every tongue wagging.

A lady, white-haired, dignified, richly dressed, drove along in an elegant phaeton and pair; opposite to her, sitting, an aged, withered Ayah wearing a yellow turban and Indian cotton gown, with bangles on her bare arms. The mystery was surely solved at last. Who could that sad, wistful-looking lady be but some maiden aunt in quest of her orphaned nephew, with her the nurse of his infancy hoping that she might identify her Frenchman?

Our breathless excitement was transitory indeed. That superb little equipage did indeed draw up at our opposite neighbors', but our maid, who popped out under pretence of hailing the salad boy, heard its occupant say to Mrs. Brown at the garden gate:

"Please tell the churchwarden that the missionary meeting is postponed till next Tuesday."

### III.

The blinds were drawn at our opposite neighbors'. A sad calamity had overtaken the universally respected head of the house. Just a year after his daughter's wedding, our worthy neighbor Brown lost his buxom, florid wife. She had succumbed to a few days' illness whilst yet in her prime, and, as we learned, the widower was stricken down by the blow.

"She had ever been the best of wives, and a more indulgent husband than hers ever lived."

That is how our homely, old-fashioned neighbors put it, and from what we had seen of the pair we could easily understand that they had been admirably suited to each other. Mr. Brown had ever been a stay-at-home, model paterfamilias, taking a quiet walk with his wife and children on Sundays and holidays, never absenting himself except on business; whilst his partner was equally praiseworthy as a housewife—industrious, bustling, economical, keeping everything in order. The widower would be lost without her.

Just as the wedding had been precisely like any other, so the funeral differed in no respect from those witnessed every day. There were mutes at the door, a hearse of expensive pattern, of mourning coaches three or four—no part of the ordinary paraphernalia was missing; and, as a matter of course, a little crowd had gathered in front of the house to look on, of course also all residents were at their windows.

The procession, our maid learned of the milkman, was to start at one o'clock precisely, the usual hour of the family dinner. Considerably before that hour undertakers and bearers were busy, whilst butchers' boys, nursemaids with their charges, and passers-by gathered round. Inscrutable is ever the attractiveness of a funeral. By the time aunts and uncles, boys and girls had taken their places, and the undecorated coffin (mortuary flowers not then being in fashion), and the white-gloved, hat-banded mutes were ready to march, quite fifty on-lookers had collected.

Then very slowly the head of the house, with his almost grown-up son, slowly descended the long flight of steps, both having long crape hat-streamers and holding little black-bound copies of the Service for the Dead.

And just as they reached the carriage door there, sure enough, in the habiliments of every day, stood the man of the doorstep!

What followed will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Without appearing to notice the starveling at his elbow the widower motioned to his companion to be seated; then swift as lightning the stripling was seized by the collar and flung to the ground, and a voice, almost magisterial in its defiance and suppressed feeling, rang out sharp and clear—

"This is not your place, but my own—and by right!"

And with equal momentariness came the heart-sickening sequence. That burning flash of manhood was put out. Thrust aside by the burly chief mourner, collared by the undertaker, the eldest son was handed to a policeman standing near and forthwith hustled out of sight. Father and boy took their places, the signal was given, leader and mutes put themselves into

step, and the grim procession moved off.

The mystery, then, was cleared up, a second mystery ever to remain unfathomable being left behind. The daily, down-at-heel groundling was no other than the first-born, and the first-born in honorable wedlock, of our opposite neighbor! And the deed and the speech by which he had proclaimed his birthright were in themselves a lustration, a self-aneling, proof positive that, whatever his past offences, he had not forfeited the heir's prerogative—that of standing by his father's right hand at his mother's open grave.

Speculation on the part of beholders was keen, but remained so; no conclusion could be arrived at; a criminal this young man was not or he would long before have expiated his misdeeds in prison. Could folly, idleness, disreputable habits on one side, parental implacability, austerity, self-righteousness carried to the pitch of dehumanizing rigor, have thus by slow degrees extinguished every particle of fatherly, motherly feeling? On the other side

every filial and brotherly instinct, every clinging memory of childhood? And the mother? Despite her apparently cheerful, bright appearance, had she endured a silent martyrdom, ever longing to press the outcast to her bosom, ever kept in awe of her "indulgent" exemplary husband?

This pattern mother must have loved and cherished her first-born; this model father must have taken pride in the little son, future head of his house; those merry boys and girls, his brothers and sisters, how had natural affection been stifled in those young hearts? Was the prodigal held up as an example? In any case, "Oh, the pity of it, Iago!"

A few weeks after that handsome funeral the Brown family took their departure, to live on the Surrey-side, we were told, and with them the hanger-on disappeared also. No more was ever heard of either, but even now I sometimes seem to hear the children's cry:

"Auntie, auntie, there is the man on the doorstep!"

*M. Betham-Edwards.*

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## THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

In the muniment room of Windsor Castle are preserved, Lord Esher tells us, over a thousand bound volumes of letters to and from Queen Victoria, and over a hundred volumes of her journals written in her own hand. It is a unique record. If the history of a period is to be gathered from the papers of a Constitutional Sovereign, the Victorian era is richly documented. The materials in the muniment room at Windsor will not, however, be fully

available in our time. The worst of so much of the best memoirs is that they cannot with any discretion be made public until the interest in their subject-matter has greatly passed away. King Edward and his successor have been wisely liberal in their treatment of Queen Victoria's papers; but Lord Esher informs us in a terminal note to the present instalment that "no one now living is likely to see much more of the inner life" of that Queen or "the secret working of our political institutions viewed from the standpoint of her Throne." The selection from the thousand volumes of let-

\* "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria." A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between the years 1832 and 1840. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by Viscount Esher, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. Two vols. (Murray, 36s. net.)

ters which appeared by authority of King Edward five years ago went down to 1861. The selection from the hundred volumes of journals which now appears by authority of his present Majesty stops at 1840. Public affairs with many sidelights on the character of Queen Victoria were fully revealed in the earlier volumes. The present volumes, edited by Lord Esher with care and discretion, handsomely printed, and adorned by a large number of portraits, are full of interest; but it is not the interest of political disclosure. Their subject is, as the title shows, the story of a girlhood: the story of a girl who was a Queen. Their main interest will be found in the light they throw first upon the education of a Princess, and then upon that of a Queen. The latter is by far the more interesting subject of the two; for with it is entwined the story of a man and a woman who were thrown by circumstances into a relationship than which none more piquant and more pleasant has been shown in history or literature.

One of the most popular pictures in the Tate Gallery shows the scene at Kensington Palace on the morning of June 20, 1837, when Queen Victoria's accession was announced to her. The artist appreciated the situation aright. The young Princess is receiving the Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain alone; her mother is shown in the background but the door of the room is shutting upon her. "I got out of bed," wrote the Princess in her Diary, "and went into my sitting-room, and *alone*, and saw them." "At 9 came Lord Melbourne, whom I saw in my room, and of *COURSE quite ALONE*, as I shall always do all my Ministers." The self-confidence of the girl-Queen which appears in these entries with all the emphasis of italics and capitals were justified by the self-possession and dignity which immedi-

ately impressed all who came in contact with her. What was the secret of this self-mastery in one so young? What was the education which equipped the Princess, or, at any rate, which left her equipped so well, for stepping out of childhood to a Throne? In the first of these volumes we have copious extracts from her diaries from 1832 to 1837. Here, if anywhere, we ought to be able to trace the influence of education upon character. The diaries, however, reveal very little in this sort. One reason is, perhaps, that they were not private journals, such as many girls put away under lock and key. They were begun in a volume given to her by her mother on express condition "that the record should be open to the inspection of the child's governess as well as of her mother." Queen Victoria was in the habit of saying that her childhood had been a sad one. No one would gather this from the diaries. They record, for instance, with childlike pleasure and gusto the "royal progresses on which the Duchess of Kent was fond of taking her daughter. She recounts the compliments which were paid to "mamma and me," and ekes out her daily pages by lists of all the distinguished people who met or entertained them. The industry of the late Mr. Hugh Childers assisted Lord Esher in annotating the names with biographical details; but these pages are not among the more interesting in the volumes. We find more pleasure in such childlike entries as the following:—

For some reasons I am sorry we have left St. Leonards, which are, the nice walks, the absence of fogs, and looking out of my window and seeing the people walk on the esplanade, and seeing the sun rise and set, which was quite beautiful. . . . But then again my reasons for *not* being sorry to go are, my not sleeping well there, my



not having been well, and the roaring of the sea.

There is no direct mention in the diaries of the strained relations between the King and the Duchess of Kent, which the "progresses" aforesaid did much to aggravate. But the young Princess had painful reason to know of this. In 1838 she spoke to Lord Melbourne about "the unfortunate day in August, '36, when the King came to Windsor in a great passion." A reference might usefully have been given to the passage in Greville (III., 367) where the King's "awful philippic" and the ensuing scene are described. The Princess Victoria, Greville was told, "burst into tears," as well she might, at hearing her mother publicly insulted by the King. The Princess did not record in her diary this and other disagreeable incidents of her childhood, and for obvious reasons she omitted also any reflections which may have occurred to her upon her mother (some members of whose household she greatly disliked, as is known from other sources). But the eyes and ears of children are open wider than their elders sometimes suspect. Into the soul of many a child the iron of domestic bickerings has entered. The princess Victoria may well have been schooled by the force of contrast into that dignity and propriety of conduct which Greville noted, and into such command as she gradually acquired over a naturally hot and imperious temper.

As for education in the narrower sense of the term, the journals show, as Lord Esher says, that she had received none "specially designed to fit her for the situation she was to occupy." She was fond of music, and many pages of the early diaries are filled with notes on the several performers of the day. In her girlhood, as throughout her life, she was fond of sketching. From the age of fourteen

onward, she was in the habit of making sketches from memory of artists and scenes that struck her at the opera or play. Several of these portrait-sketches are reproduced in the book, and they show some gift in characterization. She read more books—both gay and grave—than some popular Lives of the Queen have credited her with. The Duchess of Kent discouraged her daughter from reading "light" literature; but she was very fond of Scott, found Bulwer "fearfully interesting," and stood up valiantly for "Oliver Twist" against Lord Melbourne. She struggled through some Cæsar, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace—to no purpose, she said afterwards to Melbourne, for she forgot what she had learnt and "could not construe any quotation." Ever ready to make the best of things, Melbourne replied that at any rate it was something to know that "there are such books and such authors, and what they are about." She was made to read a good many memoirs, and a certain amount of constitutional history—Sully, for instance, Hallam, Guizot, De Lolme. With Coxe's, "Life of Walpole" she persevered after her accession, until she stuck at the Sinking Fund, and Melbourne advised her that she might reasonably give it up. But neither as Princess nor as Queen was she much given to close study of books. She did not like "those learned books," she wrote in her diary. As a child she was lectured to on the elements of natural science, and she dutifully transcribed the syllabus of some of the lectures in her journal. "I was very much amused," she adds sometimes—a phrase which occurs also in the entries about balls and theatres. And a good deal of her reading was done "while my hair is a doing." Every reader of Queen Victoria's early journals will find much to interest and amuse him, but he will come little

nearer to discovering the forces which moulded her character. Perhaps what Lord Melbourne said to the Queen of the good taste with which she did everything at her Coronation may be given a wider application; "it's a thing that you can't give a person advice upon; it must be left to a person."

The case is very different when we pass in these journals from the education of the Princess to the education of the Queen. From the day of her accession to that of her marriage (with which event these volumes close) the Queen's First Minister and Private Secretary was also her daily tutor. To the young Queen Lord Melbourne was, as Lord Esher puts it, "Roger Ascham and Burleigh in one." The journals, or at any rate the selections from them presented in these volumes, now become, in large measure, daily notes upon the wit and wisdom of Lord Melbourne. The passage in Greville describing the relations of the Minister to the Queen is worth recalling in this connection:—

September 12, 1838.—George Villiers, who came from Windsor on Monday, told me that he had been exceedingly struck with Lord Melbourne's manner to the Queen, and hers to him; his, so parental and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential; hers, indicative of such entire confidence, such pleasure in his society. She is continually talking to him; let who will be there, he always sits next her at dinner, and evidently by arrangement. . . . It is not unnatural, and to him it is peculiarly interesting. I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her as he might be of his daughter if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity of loving without having anything in the world to love. It is become his province to educate, instruct, and form the most interesting mind and character in the world. No occupation was ever more engrossing or involved greater responsibility. I have no doubt that Melbourne is both equal to and worthy of the task, and that it is fortunate she has fallen into

his hands, and that he discharges this great duty wisely, honorably, and conscientiously. There are, however, or rather may be hereafter, inconveniences in the establishment of such an intimacy, and in a connection of so close and affectionate a nature between the young Queen and her Minister; for whenever the Government, which hangs by a thread, shall be broken up, the parting will be painful. . . . It is a great proof of the discretion and purity of his conduct and behavior, that he is admired, respected, and liked by all the Court.

It is a signal tribute to Greville's discernment that the greater part of the volumes now before us may be described as a running illustration, day by day, of the truth of this passage. From one point of view Queen Victoria's diaries of this period resemble Boswell's "Johnson" (a book, by the way, in which the Dean of Chester had read with the Princess). She records with much minuteness not only the Minister's table talk, but his table manners; as, for instance, a habit of taking two apples from the dish, eating one, and hiding the other in his napkin or his lap. He was not sure, he explained, that he meant to eat the second, but he liked to have the power of doing so. "I said, hadn't he just as well the power, when the apples were in the dish. He laughed and said, 'Not the full power.'" Melbourne's talk, as reported by the Queen, often recalls Johnson's kind of common sense. They were discussing methods of doing business. "'All depends on the urgency of a thing,' said Lord M. 'If a thing is very urgent, you can always find time for doing it; but if a thing can be put off, why then you put it off.'" They were saying how rare it is to see a good actress. "'It's very rare,' said Lord M. 'to see a good anything, that's the fact.'" Or, again, in a conversation on religion, "'I like,' said Lord M., 'what is tranquil and stable.'"

We could fill columns with extracts in this sort, and still more with extracts relating to politics and historical anecdote, from the Queen's records of Lord Melbourne's familiar conversation. But the greater, and more peculiar, charm of the book lies in its intimate picture of their personal relations. The Queen, when she came to the Throne, was full of good intentions and in some respects of self-confidence. But she was conscious of her limitations; also she was a woman, and often felt the need of some one to lean upon. Lord Melbourne was no longer young, but neither was he old. Leslie, the painter, thought him "the finest specimen of manly beauty in the meridian of life I ever saw." The fatherless girl was thrown into the daily society of a wifeless and childless man. The young Queen, who had hitherto been brought up almost exclusively by women, and whose opportunities for intercourse with the leading men of the time had been very few, had now the daily society of one of the most accomplished, charming, and experienced of them all. There grew up between the Sovereign and her Minister a relation of affectionate confidence and admiring respect on the one side, of paternal solicitude and tender care touched by chivalrous emotion on the other, to which every page in the Queen's journals bears witness. The excellent instruction which the Minister gave in the history and practice of the Constitution is generally known; the journals show with how much tact and geniality it was imparted. A thousand intimate touches reveal the relationship in which the Minister stood to the girl who was at once his pupil and his Sovereign. She begs him to explain some high matter of State again, apologizing in the prettiest way for her "stupidity" and for asking so many questions. "It is not stupid, but I daresay you can't understand it," and

he explained it to me as a kind father would do; he has something so fatherly and so affectionate and kind in him, that one must love him." He explained everything "so clearly," he read despatches "so beautifully with that soft, fine voice of his," that the pupil found learning sweet and pleasant. In the evenings they often looked at books of historical portraits or portfolios from the Windsor collections of drawings, and the Queen would afterwards write down in her journal what she remembered of the Minister's fund of information and anecdote. The confidential playfulness between them is equally pretty. She asks him what he thinks of an evening gown, and is delighted when he praises it. She notes a certain olive-green velvet waistcoat of his as something new; he smiles and hopes it is not a bad color. She has a difficulty in getting her gloves on, "and Lord M. said, 'It's those consumed rings, I never could bear them.'" He must have swallowed a good many favorite adjectives at Windsor, before collecting himself to anything so mild as "consumed." She apologizes prettily for being cross one day; he explains away an ill-humor gallantly, when she catches his eye when frowning. They quarrel over her dogs, and she is delighted when he has to admit that "Islay" is not after all such a "dull dog" as he had asserted. He does not shrink from speaking seriously to her, though in the kindest manner, about her failings; as, more than once, when he warns her against "giving way too much to personal dislikes." She takes such lectures in excellent part, and has her revenge by rallying him on "mixing too many wines" or on the ingenious excuses which he produced for avoiding going to church. Greville, in a passage later than the one cited above, remarks on the self-denial which Melbourne must have exercised in "exchanging

the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, labored, and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle." Readers of the Queen's journals will discern that any sacrifice which may have been involved had abundant compensation, and will hold that the Royal circle during these years was the scene of a very beautiful idyl.

In the nature of things it could not last. The Queen was a young girl, and the time came when her heart and mind combined to desire the marriage which her uncle Leopold had arranged. Lord Melbourne accepted the situation with fatherly affection, and good sense. "You will be much more comfortable," he said, "for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be." The Queen in the fulness of married bliss seems almost to have grudged the happiness which she had previously found in the society of her Minister. In March, 1839, after a political crisis from which Lord Melbourne's cabinet managed to escape, she had written in her journal, "God knows *no Minister, no friend*, EVER possessed the confidence of the Crown so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine." She read the passage again in 1842, and added this note, "I cannot forbear remarking what an artificial sort of happiness *mine* was *then*—kind and excellent as Lord M. is and was—and what a blessing it is I have now in my beloved husband *real* and solid happiness." The journals, as now published, leave off with the substitution of married happiness for the

The Times.

relationship, which has been described, as of a father or an uncle for a favorite child or niece. A sentence which recurs many times in the journals, from 1837 to 1840, is "We were sitting as usual, Lord M. beside me." "Their concluding phrase," says Lord Esher, "dramatically rings down a curtain, which may never be lifted." The phrase is "I and Albert alone."

We have concentrated attention, in this review, upon the main threads of interest in the Queen's journals; but they abound also in incidental passages which will appeal to thousands of readers. Here and there they throw side lights on politics and political personages. More frequently they illustrate social manners and Court fashions and etiquette. They are full of references to the young Queen's horses, dogs, tastes, and amusements. A single illustration under the latter head must suffice as a sample. We are told of a game of chess with "Aunt Louise" (Queen of the Belgians), in which Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and others advised the British Queen; but in a multitude of counselors there was no wisdom, for each gave different advice, and "Aunt Louise beat and triumphed over my Council of Ministers." A full index is supplied; and the editorial annotation is supplemented by a general preface and by introductions to each chapter from the pen of Lord Esher. These are partly adapted from the excellent sketch of Lord Melbourne which he printed some years ago in a little book entitled "The Yoke of Empire."

### A TOTAL FAILURE.

"You aren't bringing Felicity up properly," they had said more than once. "The child is getting precocious. She knows far too much of some

things, and not enough of others. No wonder, with such a father."

I began to think there might be something in the idea, and anyway

I could not rest under the imputation of being an unsuccessful parent, so I purchased a small book on the subject, entitled, "Training the Young Mind." From this work I gleaned the information that education may be imparted at all times and places. "It is better," the author said, "to let the child learn from nature than from books. Take him to the Zoological Gardens."

I laid the book on my desk and sent for my little daughter.

I spread my feet out on the hearth-rug and put my hands under my coat tails.

"This afternoon," I said, "I am going to take you to the Zoological Gardens."

"You mean the Zoo?"

"I mean precisely what I said, Felicity."

"All right, Papa, have it your own way."

I twisted my moustache.

"A child must learn to respect its father," I said. "It's the first rule in the book . . . that is . . ."

I cleared my throat and possibly cast a nervous glance in the direction of my desk, for Felicity's eyes traveled there and back with lightning speed.

"I'll go and dress at once, Papa," she said; "what would you like me to wear?"

"I'm afraid that you think too much of your appearance, Felicity," I said severely. "Vanity is one of our little faults. The animals we shall see this afternoon will not be critical. They do not dress at all."

"No; not at all well, anyway."

"Not at all," I said.

\* \* \* \* \*

As we drove there I took the opportunity of saying a few words to Felicity on the subject of our little excursion.

"We must always try on such occasions as these," I said, "to improve

our minds even while we are enjoying ourselves. From the animals we shall see to-day we may very likely learn some useful lessons, even though they cannot talk or think."

"Or smoke or play football," added Felicity.

I feared for the moment that she was not taking our little talk quite seriously, but on glancing down I discovered that her face was perfectly grave.

We wandered about the gardens, and I showed the various exhibits to my little daughter, telling her their names, which were fortunately on the cages, and explaining to her their various habits and peculiarities. She was very attentive, but almost entirely silent.

She approved of the pelicans and the polar bears, but shook her head sadly at the camel, though she admitted that he might be useful as a water cistern.

It was not until we reached the lion's house that she volunteered an opinion.

"It would be fun to let them all out, wouldn't it?" she said.

"Oh no," I replied, "it would be a great mistake. These lions and tigers, though they look so much like pussy on a large scale, are very fierce and wild, and would perhaps eat several people."

"Why not?" she said; "I shouldn't blame them."

"You would be the first to blame them," I said, "if they ate you. We are all very prone to think that other people's misfortunes are of little importance, but when it is a matter of inconvenience to ourselves it is a very different story."

"Now I think we have learnt some thing here, have we not? Let us go on and see if Mr. Elephant is at home."

Felicity bought a bun for the elephant (which introduced the subject of extravagance) and gave it to a seal (which brought up the question of wastefulness).



"But he looks so hungry," she said.  
 "My dear child," I said, "seals never eat buns. They eat fish. They live on a strict fish diet."

Of course the seal spoilt everything. It swallowed the bun, laughed aloud, and disappeared into the lake. It might have had a little more sense.

Felicity said nothing.

We went on and entered the Elephant House.

"There, that's the elephant," I said,  
 "No, not there! There."

Felicity gazed at it with round eyes.

"Oo."

"Now, the elephant," I pursued, "though the largest creature in the world, has not the sagacity of the dog nor the fleetness of the gazelle nor the industry of the bee."

"Nor can he carol like the lark," said Felicity.

"True."

"Well, you can't expect the poor beast to do everything."

I had to admit the soundness of this view. On the whole the arguments

Punch.

seemed strongly against me. I began to wish I had brought the book.

Our last visit was the "Large Ape House."

"Here," I said, "we stand in the presence of our ancestors."

Felicity gazed at them for a long time in solemn silence. Then she turned to me with a look of deep reproach.

"Oh, Papa," she said, "how you have deceived me!"

"How—how have I deceived you, my dear?" I said.

"You know you always told me, Papa, that our ancestors came over with the Conqueror."

\* \* \* \* \*

We passed out through the turnstile, and I hailed a taxi.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," said Felicity, "that I've seen all these animals before."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"I thought perhaps it might spoil it for you," said Felicity.

## RELIGION WITHOUT GOD.

A generation ago the attitude of most leaders of intellectual activity, scientific or literary men, scholars, philosophers, and artists, towards religion was one of indifference or of positive hostility. Science and historical criticism had virtually demolished all substantive dogmas alike of natural and revealed religion, and an all-embracing, hard-shell determinism was the prevailing philosophy. The case to-day is very different. The all-sufficiency of science as an instrument of truth and a guide to conduct is everywhere questioned, and scientific men themselves have been the first to recognize the limits of their method of interpretation and explanation. A revolt against mechanical determinism, led

by psychologists, has brought about a humanist revival, in which the claim of the religious sentiment as an abiding factor in man's spiritual equipment has won an even clearer recognition. The reaction in some quarters has been singularly abrupt, yielding the spectacle of eminent physicists ingeniously canalizing the main streams of physical research to fill with their living water all the ancient channels of orthodox religion. Others, less ambitious or more wary, have sought some broader, freer vehicle for the religious sentiment in a loose attachment to the Positivist creed, or in that cult of the good life which has taken a variety of shapes in the Ethical Movement. But men of philosophic temper and training

are apt to be repelled, both intellectually and emotionally, by the narrowness and anthropocentrism of such substitutes for orthodox faith. Their religious feeling demands an emotional attitude not merely towards mankind, but towards the universe. They are not content to regard the progress or even the perfection of humanity as the sole sufficient goal of the cosmic process. In one sense, of course, every attitude of man must be a partial one; as a thinking and feeling being, he can only set the cosmic problems in terms of his own thought and feeling. But within this limitation, there remains a vital difference between the self-centred egotism of the animal or herd man, and man regarding himself and his kind as part of a great universal process. The demand for a religion conformable to this philosophic point of view is set forth in an earnest and eloquent article in the latest issue of the "Hibbert Journal" by Mr. Bertrand Russell, one of the most accomplished of our younger philosophers.

In seeking a religion "without fettering dogmas," Mr. Russell starts from the familiar distinction between the two natures of man—"the one particular, finite, self-centred; the other universal, infinite, and impartial." But instead of regarding this latter as an eternal soul, of divine origin, indeed, but a permanently distinct personality, according to the orthodox Christian view, or as a temporarily distinct personality, to be finally resumed with the single divine being, according to the oriental view, he strips off the garb of personality alike from the infinite part of man and from the universal nature to which it belongs. There is nothing in his exposition which we can regard as immortality for man or personality for God. "The infinite part of our life does not see the world from one point of view; it shines impartially, like the diffused light on a cloudy sea. Distant

ages and remote regions of space are as real to it as what is present and near. In thought, it rises above the life of the senses, seeking always what is general and open to all men. In desire and will, it aims simply at the good, without regarding the good as mine or yours. In feeling, it gives love to all, not only to those who further the purposes of self. Unlike the finite life, it is impartial: its impartiality leads to truth in thought, justice in action, and universal love in feeling." Man as animal is separate from his fellows and from the rest of the universe; they are essentially means to his private ends. But by virtue of his infinite nature he is one with the wider nature and purposes of humanity and of the universe. It is this universal element in each of us that craves the emotions and the discipline of religion. Worship, acquiescence, and love, those three essentials of the Christian religion, Mr. Russell desiderates for his philosophic religion. Neither a belief in a personal Deity, nor Pantheism, he holds necessary for their survival. Acquiescence in the inevitable is even more pure and more complete when it is no longer accompanied by a conviction that the inevitable must be good. For this orthodox view that evil, being willed by God, cannot really be evil, he considers "a falsification of our standard of good and evil."

Mr. Russell's distinction between the two kinds of worship, "the selective, which is given to the good on account of its goodness, and the impartial, which is given to everything that exists," carries us into refinements which we could not here profitably discuss. But one passage we must quote, because it contains the essence of what Mr. Russell would regard as his positive contribution to the substance of religion. "The object of the selective worship is the ideal good, which be-

longs to the world of universals. Owing to oblivion of the world of universals, men have supposed that the ideal good could not have being or be worshipped unless it formed part of the actual world; hence they have believed that, without God, this worship could not survive. But the study of the world of universals shows that this was an error; the object of this worship need not exist, though it will be an essential part of the worship to wish it to exist as fully as possible." As with worship, so with love. Love also is of two kinds, "the selective, earthly love, which is given to what is delightful, beautiful, or good, and the impartial, heavenly love, which is given to all indifferently." In this religion without Theism, the ideal good thus replaces God as the object of selective worship and of love. But, combined with these selective emotions are the impartial and universal ones, which go out to all life and all existence, ignoring the difference of good and bad, the wider life of contemplation and of feeling.

We are aware that this brief exposition can do no justice either to the merits or the defects of Mr. Russell's argument. But it may serve to direct the attention of some readers to a particularly bold and serious piece of free-thinking. If we may venture to indicate what appears to us the weakness of his thesis, alike from the logical and the practical point of view, it is his failure to give any meaning to the unity of the universe. His refusal to adopt the organic metaphor makes him appear to present us with a whole, a universe, which has nothing that can be called a life, still less a purpose. And yet without such a conception of the whole it is difficult to believe that any universal love or worship could be maintained. Mr. Russell does, indeed, speak of "the principle of union in the world," in which the infinite natures

of different men find their community. But, so far as we can discover, it appears to be nearer to a mechanical than an organic union. A corollary of this difficulty lies in the abruptness of the severance between the selfish animal life and the "universal, infinite, and important life." This separateness is neither scientific nor philosophic. Modern psychology and sociology know nothing of it. Why should it be supposed that the so-called animal nature of man is devoid of all universal or "divine" element, or that the human love of child, or friend, or tribe, traceable to animal instincts, differs in kind from the love of something called "the ideal good?" In the best acts and aspirations of the best men we know we cannot find that complete absence of the "finite" self. Indeed, the presence and activity of this finite element appear, not as a defect of the higher spiritual life, but as a necessary implication of its personal character. There is no separate or special portion of the life of anyone that can be regarded as entirely universal. No doubt Mr. Russell does not intend to signify so sharp a severance; but his schematism does so. He abolishes Theism from his conception of the Universe. But if that Universe is thus denied all central unity of life, and of such purpose as is inherent in all organic life, its relation to its parts, of which this life and purpose are asserted, becomes unintelligible. Mr. Russell speaks of "the universal and divine being" in each man seeking "union with the Universe," and that union is "union in thought, union in feeling, union in will." And yet to that union he appears to deny any sort of central or pervasive life or consciousness. Is not the union of divine beings in the world itself divine? Such is the criticism which we imagine will be pressed with force upon the latest attempt to plan a religion without a God.

## THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

Drink and debt are universal bonds of union. Over a Scotch and soda a man will tell you his most intimate concerns, confide his domestic troubles, his secret grievance, the pet ambition of his soul. Women, to their sorrow, are for the most part debarred by custom from the comradeship of the bar; but if the genial influence of public drinking is denied them, the freemasonry of debt remains. In the county court social caste is levelled, differences of birth and breeding are forgotten, genteel penury meets outspoken poverty, and the two clasp hands. At a busy county court like Marylebone you will see all sorts and conditions of women waiting till their summonses are heard. It is a kind of holiday among the impecunious, like a visit to the hospital with your friends and neighbors. Mothers with babies and small children assemble about ten, and taking a seat in the 'defendants' waiting-room, comfort and enliven the hours by entertaining gossip and advice.

"Never bin 'ere before, my dear?" observed a comfortable looking woman in a capacious cape, heavily adorned with bugles. "Seems strange to yer at first. After a while you'll get to like it. Cheers you wonderful to 'ave a bit of talk. . . . Wot's the trouble, dear?"

A slim anæmic looking girl held out a paper, obviously ashamed, and very diffident.

"It's for a machine," she gasped. "We've paid regularly for six months and then got behind. . . . What will the judge say, do you think? Will he order me to pay at once?"

"Lor' bless yer, no! . . . You go befor the registrar, my dear, a nice kind gentleman he is, too. Tell 'im yer ma is laid up and suffering crool, and that

yer father's out of work, and he'll let yer down easy. Wot can yer pay, my dear?"

"Five shillings a month," said the girl, still held in the throes of middle-class reticence.

"Offer a bob," said the genial lady of the bugles, "an' ten to one he'll make the order."

She beamed with satisfaction and produced a large packet of pork sandwiches, which she handed round with a genial air. She had had a long and varied experience of the county court, knew the ways and weaknesses of registrars and judges, and invariably came off victorious in a passage of arms with plaintiff's solicitor. She seemed indeed to live on debt, and gloried in the fact. Not that she was dishonest in principle or practice; but as she explained with a wealth of gesture in the court, she was a mother of ten and had five grandchildren, and how were they to be clothed or shod, let alone fed, on a precarious and fluctuating income?

One wonders at first how it is that the poor can obtain credit, until you see the type of man who lets them run into debt. The old-fashioned tallyman who sold boots and shoes, great-coats, and waterproofs, supplied decent goods, and was content with twenty per cent profit. Nowadays he has given place to a more insidious tout, who offers to supply an entire outfit from a shilling a week. All is fish to his net, from sturdy sideboards to baby's socks. The harassed wife, a mother driven to desperation to get her man some shirts, conscious that her small son is shivering under inadequate garments, succumbs to the temptation. She has a pound's worth of shoddy serge or cotton flannel, and for a time valiantly struggles to pay her shilling. Long be-

fore the debt is discharged the garments are done for, and to rectify her mistake she plunges deeper in the mire, until in despair she gives up the impossible task. The inevitable summons is served on her husband, and the unfortunate woman goes to court.

With the innate honesty of the poor, she is distressed at her position, until she finds herself among familiar faces, and realizes that her neighbor is in the same boat. Sometimes a family party is made up and an entire set of relations accompany her. Provision is made for the day's refreshment, food and drink are partaken of and freely shared with those who have neglected to bring sustenance. Women predominate in the waiting-room and in the court, and nowhere do you see so many and such divers types.

The pale wife of a city clerk, timid and abashed, summoned by a harpy of a moneylender for the balance of a loan increased a hundred per cent through his usurious exactions; a pretty little actress sued by her milliner; an unfortunate widow in debt to a provision dealer; with here and there an old lady come to plead for her son, or a girl barely in her teens sent to represent her father. They all gravitate towards the lady of the bugles. She is always there, the eternal representative of the people with all their generosity of impulse, their delicacy of feeling, their swift comprehension and wide sympathy. Quick of wit, ready of retort, the vilest Jew, the most relentless money-hunter is hard put to it to hold his own against the mother wit of the poor debtor.

"Er 'usband is in vork, my lordship," cried a son of Israel, vehemently, "my son 'e see 'er 'usband go by the train from 'Ammersmith on Monday. . . . From 'Ammersmith my lordship, to Parson's Green, vere 'e lived with 'is family!"

"If," said the defendant, sniffing vig-

orously, "your son saw my 'usband last Monday he must have huncommon fine sight to see through a brick wall, and two ceilings. My 'usband was in bed, yer honor, with an 'orrible pain in his head."

She stared defiantly at the Jew, and the judge, to the delight of the audience, ruled out the evidence of his son, and postponed the summons for three months!

For the most part the county court judge is a wise man, with large sympathies, infinite patience and understanding. In his heart one feels he sides with the debtor, realizing the hardships and the heroism of the poor. He is tolerant to the Bohemian also, and generally turns a kindly ear to the statement of an impoverished journalist, or an out-at-elbows actor, that they are utterly unable to pay.

"The defendant is in a position to pay the whole amount forthwith, your honor," reiterated an irate solicitor. "He writes for a well-known paper, and makes a good income."

The pressman explained that of late a hard-hearted editor had persistently turned down his "copy." This led to an interesting little talk with his honor, who displayed the traditional ignorance of the bench in regard to matters outside his jurisdiction, and earnestly inquired "what copy was?"

"The defendant says his work isn't accepted," explained the cadi.

"He's able to pay all the same," said the lawyer. "Look at his coat!"

The defendant was wearing a furlined garment with heavy collar and cuffs. It was a warm day in June, and though opulent the coat was hardly comfortable and certainly inartistic. The pressman was equal to the occasion.

"On the contrary, it proves my poverty," he shouted. "Who would wear a fur coat if he had another one?" He unfastened the top buttons of his coat,



and revealed an absence of jacket and waistcoat that appealed to the judge's heart.

"Two shillings a month," said the *cadi*, and called for the next case.

Innumerable are the cases of landladies suing levanting lodgers, and inevitably they hail from Bloomsbury or Camden Town. The plaintiffs connected with the provision trade are few in number. Butchers are conspicuous by their absence, milkmen are never seen. This is probably owing to the fact that the dairy trade is almost exclusively in the hands of Mr. Lloyd George's countrymen.

The day may yet dawn when the landlord will have to take his chance with the moneylenders, hire furnishing companies and machine firms for the recovery of his rent. As it is, he remains the preferential creditor, and can swoop down and seize the unhappy tenants' goods without preliminary process. The most disastrous effect of the county court on the middle-class debtor is the publication of the judgments registered against him in certain trade gazettes. This publication leads to the cutting off of a poor man's credit and the consequent ship-

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wreck of his home. The poor middle-class man or proletarian cannot live without credit. They pay dearly for it, as for all else, but it is a necessary part of the present social system. Many a man or woman temporarily stranded, by illness or loss of work, tides over a bad time by "running a bill." Once his or her name is published as a defaulting debtor, supplies are cut off, they are starved out!

Debt, we are told by the authors of pious manuals to success and prosperity is the bugbear of all honest people; that it is better to want than to owe, and that the man who will eat bread unpaid for with a cheerful heart will pick a pocket with light fingers. Those of us who prefer to owe money are few and far between; the debtor's life is not, all things considered, a happy one; but to the vast majority of the underpaid and overworked it is not a matter of choice, but of necessity, and like most disagreeable things patiently borne by the poor. After all, what are they to do? Starve or run credit, go bootless and without clothes or run into debt? In this, as in so many other matters they are between the devil and the deep sea!

*Norman Keith.*

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### A CLIMBING CAT.

Cats share a great many human weaknesses. We have lately found social ambition to be one of them. The present writer owns a cat in whom this trait is strongly marked. Elderly and thin, anxious-eyed, active, and ugly, she has already passed three-quarters of her allotted span in the stables, and has seemed content with the state of life in which she was born and in which she has already brought up many families. Late in life she has conceived an idea of bettering her position, or, to be more accurate, of

pushing her children into a higher social sphere—one to which she herself, with her shabby grey coat and hard-working appearance, feels herself to be unsuited. Of her last litter of kittens two handsome young toms were allowed to survive, and for these two her natural affection—not always quite absorbing—would seem to be limitless. During their earliest childhood they and their mother endured a move. They were packed in a basket and driven to a new home. There was no question of their being given away;

their owners moved at the same time. The change did not unsettle the mother in the least, and the kittens were too young to notice that they had exchanged one stable for another. While they were, so to speak, in the nursery stage the cat seemed to be very quiet but not unhappy. She dozed a great deal by the harness-room fire and joined less than usual in her children's games. Her future plan of action was no doubt maturing in her head. When one is no longer young a change of home leads thoughtful persons to consider the flight of time. Perhaps the thought of advancing years began to prey upon the poor cat's mind. Perhaps she felt that if anything was to be done towards raising the family position it must be done now. Anyhow the throes of unselfish discontent drove her to a resolution. She determined that the two sons of her old age should leave the stable and be brought up as house cats.

Daily she brought her kittens to the kitchen—indeed, one might almost say hourly, for they were not welcomed by the cook, who constantly carried them outside. The mother always followed them out, but did not permit them to return to the shelter of the stable. They remained just outside whatever the weather, and at the first opportunity she brought them back. Once or twice the dog chased her away, and for two or three mornings she came alone to reconnoitre. If the dog was not to be seen she called the kittens, whom she had left in the yard, and once more led them into the kitchen. In braving the dog she ran a slight risk, one which, judging by her scared and glittering eyes, she did not under-rate. The dog is a collie. His elegant figure, his long nose and superb manner, proclaim his breeding. To all those who keep their place he is "bon prince" but once let them presume and he sneers a very ugly sneer. Nothing

makes him more angry than to meet a stable acquaintance indoors. All the outdoor cats fear him—except in the stable yard and under the eye of their protector, the coachman. Our "Climber" knew all this, but she had counted the cost. "*Ces mères de famille sont capables de tout.*"

Like most persons who persevere in an endeavor at the risk of their skins, she succeeded. She has established her young people, and is returning to stable life. Misfortune favored her! The horse trod—by accident—on the paw of one of the kittens. His mother traded shamelessly upon the injury, and the indoor authorities decided that a lame kitten could not be made to sit on a wet doorstep. The contest was over. The cat had won.

It is not easy for one who does not live in feline society to understand why she did it. The sphere from which she removed her kittens was in many ways more desirable than that into which she pushed them. The coachman is a great deal more fond of cats than the cook is, and all her life she has never missed a dinner nor wanted for a champion in distress. Once she got caught in a trap, but her screams were heard, and the coachman got up at an unearthly hour for many mornings in the hope of catching the boy who set the trap. The cook would not have got out of bed five minutes sooner for any such altruistic revenge. For one thing she is a widow, and her mind is set upon the social advancement of her own little boy. She feeds the cats well because she gets great pleasure from the sight of the demolition of food, the thought of its necessary replacement, and the circulation of money thereby occasioned, but she is not in sympathy with animals. Yet the cat thought it better for her sons to be under her than to remain in their original position. Every rung of the social ladder appears attractive from

below. In the kitchen there is already a cat, a sort of haughty rich man, a half-bred Persian who thinks the world of himself. He seems to be amused by the sight of the kittens' gambols, but though he stares from the top of the meat screen he never joins them. He is on speaking terms with the collie, and they probably have a good many views and interests in common, though the cat is a sceptic and the dog a man-worshipper. The only evident advantage in indoor life is that it is more entertaining. It is nearer, as we say, to "the centre of things," nearer, that is, to where food is prepared, and nearer to the drawing-room, that place of warmth and ease, whence it is ordered. A great deal of talk goes on in a kitchen which an intelligent cat can understand. Such words as meat, fish, milk, dinner, constantly recur. They are productive of pleasant meditation, and are easily learned by those who will sit round a table and try to follow an object-lesson. A little piece of fish, for instance, easily connects itself with a particular sibilant substantive—that is, if a young cat will make the necessary effort. On the other hand, life is not so free for a cat in the kitchen as in the stable, and it is beset with temptation. A hungry young tom is sure to get into trouble from time to time. In the stable, on the other hand, there is nothing to steal, and a rough-and-tumble fight shocks no one if two young cats should happen to fall out.

Of course there is this to be said, the stable "leads nowhere," while kitchen cats get up to the drawing-room sometimes. We have heard—perhaps the mother of the kittens has heard too—of a yellow cat in a neighboring house who not only determined to live in the drawing-room, but to turn the drawing-room cat out. He came as a stray

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from nowhere and, being frightfully ugly, had no assets but his size, his strength, and his power to flatter the inhabitants of the drawing-room (who belonged, of course, to the upper world of two-legged people). In the end he established the drawing-room cat in the kitchen—and himself by the drawing-room fire. His motives were far less admirable than those of our heroine, who has asked nothing for herself and remains faithful to the coachman, but the larger toms of the cat world are wonderfully selfish and determined. When we say that this story may have got wind and come to the knowledge of our cat we do not speak without book. Gossip flies fast among cats. Not long ago a kitten was lost from a house in London. From door to door inquiries were made without success. At the end of a few days a strange coincidence, if coincidence it were, occurred. A cat came down the area step mewling and driving a kitten in front of her. The servants on the watch for the fugitive came out expecting to see their own kitten. They were disappointed at the sight of a stranger, but their hearts were soft towards kittens at the moment. The cat waited till she saw her offspring picked up and caressed, and then she turned and fled. Had she heard of the vacancy? Good homes proclaim themselves; perhaps she coveted this home for her offspring.

Meanwhile one wonders what will be the attitude of the risen cats. Will they despise their mother and the haunts and society of their humble relations? What, again, will be the mother's attitude if her kittens are returned on her hands as incorrigibly ill-mannered or as incorrigible thieves? Nothing venture, nothing have; but the old cat still looks very anxious.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Pansy" has given her new story, "The Long Way Home," so many facets of interest, that it is difficult to decide which one she desires shall be regarded as the most important, religion, sanitary questions, matrimonial problems, or half a score of other matters upon which the story touches. The scandal-monger receives a vigorous thrust or two; the energetic young business man is glowingly described; the good minister, and the logical, enthusiastic, resolute young convert are attractively presented, and still, the reckless, but well-meaning and fascinating heroine is not denied the honors due to anyone occupying her important position. Ilsa Harmon, both in illustrations and in the text, is pleasant to contemplate and her adventures convey many lessons to be considered by wilful young women. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

A romping tale in G. A. Birmingham's inimitable vein, with a captivating tom-boy of fifteen for its heroine is this author's latest novel, "Priscilla's Spies." The story begins when Frank Mannix, an English school boy of seventeen, with more gravity of deportment and importance than a man of forty, goes to the West coast of Ireland to spend his holidays. Priscilla is the daughter of Sir Lucius Lentaegne and is under the supervision of her maiden aunt who is addicted to fads and enthusiasms. Into this household young Mannix comes, and Priscilla makes him a genuine boy again. They spend much time sailing among the islands in Priscilla's tiny yacht "The Tortoise." Their chief diversion is the pursuit of a strange lady and gentleman whom Priscilla believes to be German spies. The adventures which they encounter before the iden-

tity of their quarry is disclosed make capital reading. The book is full of laughter and the zest of salt water and rushing winds. Although the principal characters are young, the book is by no means a juvenile; its humor will be the delight of every reader from sixteen to sixty. George H. Doran Company.

Joseph Pennell's "Pictures of the Panama Canal" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) contains reproductions of a series of twenty-eight lithographs made by the artist on the isthmus of Panama in January, February and March of the present year. They are made, naturally, from the artistic rather than the engineering point of view, but the work is done with full appreciation of the magnitude of the engineering achievement in what Mr. Pennell enthusiastically characterizes as "the most wonderful thing in the world." He entered upon the work with some uncertainty as to what his reception might be, but he was accorded every opportunity and was treated as a comrade by everyone with whom he came officially or unofficially in contact. He started at Colon and followed the line of the Canal to Panama, pausing at Mount Hope, where the wreckage of the De Lesseps enterprise lies in melancholy heaps, and sketching whatever was most picturesque and important at Gatun, at the Culebra Cut, and at the various cuts and locks. He was one of the last passengers over the old Panama Railway, which is now under water. He was quite right in feeling that he had chosen the psychological moment for his visit, for conditions are changing fast as the work progresses, and when the Canal is completed, and the water is turned in, much of the magnificent masonry which he de-

scribes in his lively text and presents in his spirited drawings will be submerged. This fact imparts a peculiar and enduring value to this in every way charming book.

To his volumes of essays "On Anything," "On Everything" and "On Something," published at intervals during the last two or three years, Hilaire Belloc now adds one on "This, That and the Other" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). There seems now nothing left but a series "On Nothing" and that, perhaps, next year may bring us. But Mr. Belloc's readers will not be disposed to quarrel with his titles. He is welcome to call his essays what he pleases, so long as they retain their delightful quality. Among contemporary essayists, Mr. Belloc is often bracketed with Mr. Chesterton; and there is a certain kinship between them. But Mr. Belloc has a flavor all his own, whether, as in "The Joke" or "The Spy," he is humorous or satirical; or, as in "The Place Apart" "The Ebro Plain" or "The Little River" he describes natural beauty; or, as in "The Pleasant Place" or "A Conversation in Andorra" he touches upon social questions and the needs of the unfortunate. It is not as if he had sat down and said, "Go to, now, I will write some essays." Light, whimsical and sometimes audacious, these essays are sincere and spontaneous, and are characterized by a gay indifference as to whether or no the author carries his readers with him.

In selecting for illustration John Hay's "Pike County Ballads," N. C. Wyeth has found a congenial field for the exercise of his gifts of humorous interpretation. In the half dozen full-page colored plates, and the twenty or thirty pictures in black and white which decorate the text are presented the very spirit and essence of the free and reckless western life which John

Hay understood so well and described so tellingly. Jim Bludso, who held the nozzle of the Prairie Belle against the bank till the last "galoot" was ashore; "Little Breeches" whom the angels "scooped down" and toted into safety; "Banty Tim" whom, for good and sufficient reasons, the white-man's committee was not allowed to drive out from Spunky P'int; the Jedge and Colonel who disputed a whisky-skin at Taggart's; the stage-driver Golyer who gave his life to save a small boy passenger; and the luckless participants in a pledge-signing at Spunky Point swagger through these pages in a divertingly lifelike way. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Through South America," by Harry W. Van Dyke, is a book of description rather than of travel. The first third is devoted to a historical sketch of the romantic age of exploration and colonization, and of the later struggle under the leadership of Bolivar for freedom from Spanish domination. The remainder is divided between Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and the Guianas. The topographical features of each country, its climate, its chief products, resources, and industries, and the character of its people are carefully described,—with liberal quotations from other authors; and special attention is paid to the commercial and cultural importance and general livableness of the principal cities. The illustrations are excellent, numerous, and well-chosen; a short bibliography is appended. The book offers a comprehensive, well-rounded, unprejudiced picture of the South America of to-day. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

"Linda" by Margaret Prescott Montague creates one real person, and deserves commendation for that, for



Linda is as charming a little mountain girl as ever came out of the ridges of the South to live in the rather ample romantic literature of her kind. The author has most delightfully shown the young girl in the woods among her flowers without being mawkishly sentimental. And her character is kept consistent throughout, though, like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, she loses some of her charm and reality when she grows up. Boston life, to which Linda is transplanted, is characterized with neatness and some humor, and the various types of society are pleasantly recognizable. The author has a keen appreciation of human nature, and a finished technique that is two-thirds sheer good taste. "Linda" makes an extremely pleasant evening's reading. Houghton Mifflin Co.

That diverting old classic, "Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag" is published in gay holiday dress by Henry Holt & Co. Decorated borders and initial letters, now in color and now in black and white, set off the well-printed pages; but the chief attraction is found in the eight full-page colored plates and about eighty drawings scattered through the text. These are the work of P. A. Staynes and are as humorous and clever as heart could wish.

E. Boyd Smith, who delighted boys and girls last year with "The Farm Book," in which he described and pictured the joys and occupations of country life, follows it this year with "The Seashore Book" in which, in a similarly happy vein, he writes of life by the sea and the occupations of seafaring men and illustrates his narrative with a dozen full-page pictures in color and a number of smaller pictures in black and white scattered through the text. Bob and Betty, the happy

pair of children who spend the summer by the sea, in Mr. Smith's book, fish, dig clams, visit shipyards and sail lofts, see a launching and, under the kindly guardianship of an old sea captain, become acquainted with various phases of sea life. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Dr. Oliver Huckel, who has made English-speaking readers agreeably familiar with Wagner's drama by a succession of translations or "retellings" in blank verse, gives them this year a translation of Wagner's one humorous opera, "Meistersinger." This has the same charm of naturalness which characterizes all of Dr. Huckel's renderings. Humor is one of the most difficult qualities to lift from one language to another, for it turns often upon a word or a phrase. But the reader of this version of Wagner's one excursion into this field is brought very near the spirit of the original and is made acquainted with the quaint customs and contests which are its theme. The book is daintily printed at The Merrymount Press and there are five illustrations in color. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Ralph Henry Barbour's latest venture in the field of light, up-to-date romance is "The Harbor of Love" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). It tells how the somewhat obstinate father of a pretty girl was prejudiced against her prospective suitor by having been "done out" of a railroad investment by the superior sagacity of the suitor's father; how the suitor, in a motorboat, trailed after the yacht which bore the girl and her father to a seashore resort; how one happy accident after another favored the suitor's plans; and how, by an amusing display of speculative sagacity on the part of the suitor, the father's opposition was made to give way, as it became clear that the young

fellow was something more than a "spender." All this and more is told in a light and humorous vein, and with a climax which justifies the title. The book is attractively printed upon heavy paper, with four illustrations in color by George W. Plank, and decorative borders in tint on every page.

The "Motor Journeys" which are described and pictured by Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale in an attractive volume with that title, covered some of the most picturesque portions of Italy, Germany, France, England, Spain and northern Africa, and were attended by the usual variety of adventures and misadventures. Mrs. Hale tells the story of them, with some slight infusion of history and of past and present-day romance, and with a good deal of vivacity and humor; and Mr. Hale illustrates them with thirty or more clever pictures, some of them from photographs but most of them from drawings of his own. Mr. Hale also adds a chapter giving information to tourists upon the cost of motoring abroad and other practical suggestions. As the comfort and independence of motoring is bringing that mode of travel more and more into favor, at home and abroad, such books as this appeal to a fast-widening circle of readers. The literature of motoring is growing rapidly, but not all contributions to it are so sprightly or so satisfactorily illustrated as this. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle takes prehistoric zoology for his province in his latest story, "The Lost World," but refreshes himself and his readers by occasional excursions into contemporary botany and anthropology, and skilfully contrives to make the three sciences the background for illustrations of his thesis that the highest type of human bravery is that displayed by men of

science in pursuit of truth. His method is to send two professors, both members of uncounted learned societies; a soldier-sportsman, and a young journalist to South America to investigate the pretensions of one of the professors to the discovery of various survivals of the Jurassic period, and so cleverly does he tell the story that readers like the late Mr. William Nye can only ejaculate "Can this be?" By hundreds of artistic touches one is compelled to admit the possibility that anything may exist, may happen, or may have happened in unexplored South America, and then appear pterodactyls unmeasurable, iguanadons innumerable, Cattleys growing on every bush, deciduous trees over-topping any tropic palm; venomous snakes, unnumbered ape men in files, and cave men in companies, and the men of science rejoice in them all. The journalist is provided with amazing "copy" which he permits the reader to see before sending it to his editorial superior and last of all, the author enriches all four men and graciously permits the reader to draw a long breath. George H. Doran Company.

Mrs. Wharton's gift for creating characters who seem actual human beings was never more apparent than in her latest novel "The Reef." In addition to those qualities which are so characteristic of all Mrs. Wharton's work, the clarity of her style, its finish, and her power of insight, "The Reef" possesses a greater strength than any of the others, and a broader horizon. Reduced to its lowest terms, the theme is the love of George Darrow for two different women, Sophy Viner and Anna Leath, and his attempt to solve the inevitable entanglement. The characters of the women are subtly and powerfully contrasted. Anna Leath, sheltered and protected by the refinements of her training and the tra-

ditions of her social position, finds herself strangely moved by great forces at work in the world of whose existence she has hitherto been unaware. Sophy Viner, forced to face the problem of bread winning, her absolute naturalness at once her protection and her weakness, is in the end capable of more direct action than her better poised rival. In fact the book closes with Sophy's renunciation of whatever claims she rightfully has. Whether Darrow and Anna Leath found peace and happiness in the cleared field is a matter left to the reader's individual opinion. Many situations which under the pen of another writer might descend to the sensational, are, by the dignity of Mrs. Wharton's treatment, kept upon a high level. The book is one of the best attempts in fiction to solve the problems of modern life. D. Appleton and Co.

Villains black-browed and chivalrous, villains slender and insinuating, even villains burglarious and attractive, modern fiction produces in such numbers that a novel with no villain whatsoever, a novel in which events gradually smooth away all imperfections from the characters of all the personages, astonishes even a seasoned reader, and Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham's "The Inner Flame" is such a novel. It must not be inferred that the reader regrets the absent one; his attention is quite sufficiently occupied by the clever, pretty girls, the matrons, gentle or astute, high-spirited, or modestly shrewd, the good husbands and fathers, whom the author casts to play the pretty little drama to its pleasant ending, and misses the villain not at all. Nevertheless, such is the perversity of human nature, that the young fellow who most nearly approaches villainy in his doings, will most deeply impress himself upon readers, for he is truly original, and since the inven-

tion of the type-writing machine, originality is rare indeed. As for Pluto, the black cat who is not Manx although he looks the part, and the faithful Eliza Brewster, his adoring mistress, they make the quaintest of groups, and give the book that picturesquely comical touch always expected from Mrs. Burnham. The delicately taught lesson of the salutary effect of cheerful and hopeful thinking should not be overlooked in this summing up of the qualities of a book sure to increase the solidity of the writer's thoroughly established reputation. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The housetop of a London boarding house, a young woman in desperate straits through hunger, and a matter of fact young man who saves her from a foolish crime; such is the opening situation of E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest novel, "The Tempting of Tavernake." At once the reader is plunged into a whirl of mystery. Tavernake is a serious young architect without imagination or interest in woman-kind. Circumstances thrust him in the path of a young American girl, Beatrice Franklin; he saves her from suicide and cares for her until she is able to support herself by singing on the stage. At the same time Tavernake has business relations with Beatrice's fascinating married sister Elizabeth Wenham, from whom Beatrice is hiding. Elizabeth's millionaire husband is missing in a most unaccountable manner, and the chain of events which lead to his discovery is highly exciting. Tavernake is sorely tempted by the unscrupulous Elizabeth and at the same time attracted by the solid worth of Beatrice and their obvious suitability for one another. Tavernake's temptation and final choice are the vital matters of a book which never for a moment slackens in interest. Little, Brown and Co.

Dodd, Mead & Company offer in "One of the Multitude," by George Acorn, a picture of actual life in the slums of London by one who has lived it and risen from it. Like most of the books which are admitted to come closer to life than to literature, it seeks the reader's favor with a letter of recommendation,—in this case from Arthur C. Benson. The chapters that follow reveal many interesting facts about life on a few pence a day and exhibit many odd characters. These intimate glimpses of slum life from the pen of one who has experienced and witnessed the things which he describes have a genuine realism which is very different from the studies of those who view such things from the outside and to whom they are merely literary material. This note of reality gives the book unusual interest and value.

"The Keynote," by Alphonse de Chateaubriant, recently won, under the title of "Monsieur de Lourdines," the Prix Goncourt,—awarded annually for the most distinguished piece of French imaginative writing. To this fact its translation into English is apparently due. It is the story of a shy, sweet-natured country squire, burdened with an overbearing wife and a selfish son with a Parisian veneer, who drive his timid affections to take refuge in his forests and his violin. The son's debts result in the death of the wife and the loss of the family estates, and the son faces a life of poverty in the country, which he abhors, alone with a father whom he despises. The last few chapters picture his slow recognition of the real nobility and beauty of his father's character. While its echoes of great French literature suggest that it may stir the Gallic imagination, the average Anglo-Saxon will probably find it inconclusive, con-

taining the trappings of poetry rather than its soul. George H. Doran Co.

It is unusual to find a book by an American author that belongs distinctly to the new literature that is being developed in Europe, and the broad canvas and the almost panoramic treatment of "The Olympian" by James Oppenheim, comes as a welcome surprise. Here is the new open-curve plot instead of the old closed circle; characters that are members of society first and individuals second; and the turmoil of forces that mold life and rend it. Kirby Trask and Mary Watts and the others are not less intense and human than other book-people, but the accent is thrown on the forces that draw them together, and on the whirlwind City that sweeps Kirby in ten years from its depths to its utmost pinnacle,—leaving him on the last page, corpulent and fabulously rich, in the forty-sixth story of his new sky-tower to ponder on his own unshakable greatness as the master of Steel. The chief characters are really the World and Life and the City. It is not the traditional cross-section of life, but rather a longitudinal one, reaching down to its roots and stretching out to the stars. The generosity with which Mr. Oppenheim has lavished good material on it is amazing. It is perhaps the most thoroughly modern piece of American fiction which has yet been written. Harper & Bros.

"The Cry in the Wilderness," by Mary C. Waller, is a romance set in New York City and the wilds of Canada; it is told in the first person by the young woman who is the heroine. She is also the center of a mystery of birth and identity which is skilfully opened and closed again before the eyes of the reader. The story itself is most improbable, based entirely on coincidences, and the characters are merely the actors in the plot, not at

all convincing or reasonably live persons. The scenes in Canada are interesting, the descriptions close, and the minor characters, such as Cale, the fine old New England forester, and the French-Canadian servants, are well studied. The style, which is curiously uncolored and very even, will doubtless suit some quiet and unusually pensive minds. Most people, however, will find the book unsatisfactory as melodrama and not vivid enough to rouse interest in the minds and manners of the characters. Little, Brown & Co.

In "The Romantic Story of the Puritan Fathers," Albert Christopher Addison offers a companion volume to his already well-known "The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims." It deals not only with the Puritans in the New World, but discusses their sojourn in Old Boston and the neighboring towns in England, and the conditions which led to their departure for New Boston. No book published up to the present time shows so clearly the relations which existed between the two cities in the old days and the sentiment which binds them together to-day. One of the principal figures in the chronicle is John Cotton, and the story of his life sheds new light upon our colonial history and makes clearer the spiritual significance of those times. The nature of the teaching of this great Puritan preacher in Old Boston, the reasons which forced him to leave, the impetus which his personality gave to the spiritual tendencies in the new colony, and the stamp which he left upon all New England Puritanism form the main theme of the book. The Boston of Cotton's time is made very real and the fortunes of several churches are followed even to the present day. In the abundance and quality of its illustrative material the book is unique. For the first time, facsimiles are produced of official en-

tries concerning John Cotton and his Boston men; marriages; appointments both clerical and secular; and the significant resignations of Cotton and other Puritans. Photographs of the Bostons old and new, and portraits of leading Puritans with facsimiles of their signatures make the book extremely valuable. In its compilation of otherwise inaccessible material, it performs a genuine service for all to whom Colonial history is a matter of interest and concern. L. C. Page and Company.

"Valserine" is a collection of pieces of varying length, for the most part very short,—by the author of "Marie-Claire." An attempt at a more definite classification would be only misleading:—they are too free from artificiality of construction to deserve the name of short story, too free from sentimentality to be labelled prose poem, and too vital to be dismissed as sketches. There are no startling situations and no opportune coincidences, nothing but plain life. The characters are neither whimsical, nor heroic, nor particularly lovable,—they do nothing but live their lives. There is no attempt to amuse, to teach, or to preach,—not even an effort to smooth the way to the end of the story, that newest of methods of counterfeiting literature. One may hunt in vain even for a trace of the author's personality: there is nothing in her pages but a chemically pure transcript of life, an unweighted record of elusive emotions and sensory impressions. It is the method of the Continental realists and naturalists, but in Marguerite Audox's hands it produces, not disgust and weariness, but an atmosphere of indescribable gentleness and pathos. To the reader who can relish his fiction even when it is not served with strong condiments "Valserine" offers a rare pleasure. George H. Doran Co.